

The TATLER

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The TATTLER

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Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

A BRIDESMAID TO LADY ELIZABETH PERCY: LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck is to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Lady Elizabeth Percy to the Marquess of Clydesdale in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on December 2. She is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, and granddaughter of the Duke of Portland. Lord Titchfield, the senior Master of the Rufford, is seen on another page of this issue

And the World said—



Hay Wrightson
MISS DIANA DICKINSON

The attractive daughter of the late Lady Sempill, by her first marriage with the late Mr. James Dickinson, K.C., and granddaughter of Sir John Lavery, the very eminent artist. Miss Diana Dickinson only recently returned to England after spending three years on a ranch in America

“THE great truth about the English character is, if you behave well about anything and do not make a fuss everybody thinks you don't mind, and they won't do a hand's turn for you,” writes Lady Clodagh Anson in “Another Book,” while forty years ago Robert Louis Stevenson observed: “In the roots of the Scottish character there are knots and contortions that no stranger can understand.” The Secretary of State for War is no stranger to the public, what with his beacons and his highly commendable, thoroughly un-Anglo-Saxon hustle, but in the Greys affray he proved himself a stranger to the stubborn thistle in the Scottish make-up and to the stiff-backed spirit which invades cavalymen when the game is not being played according to their lights. It was everybody's secret that many resignations of Greys were going in if mechanisation had been forced. To have put the regiment and the country out of suspense months ago would have been less theatrical, but we were



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THE COMPTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD: CAPTAIN CHARLES WATERHOUSE, M.C., WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY

Captain Waterhouse, who was recently appointed Comptroller of the Household, served during the War with the 1st Life Guards, since then amalgamated with “The Twosters.” He has represented the Southern Division of Leicestershire since 1924 and became a Government Assistant Whip in 1935. He is seen here with his wife and family in the grounds of their Derbyshire house



Victor Hey

LADY DOWNE AND HER SONS

A picture taken after the newly arrived second son had been christened at Wykeham Church. The heir, the Hon. Christian Dawnay, will be three in January. Viscount and Viscountess Downe's Yorkshire home is Wykeham Abbey, and they are very popular in those parts

not allowed to forget that to put things across, and to put them across us, is the objective of bureaucracy set on bewildering Strube's Little Man. What Mr. Hore-Belisha forgot was the annoying “Whaur daur meddle wi' me” strain in the adjacent kingdom whose inhabitants know from a thousand years' experience that no one will do a hand's turn for them unless what Runyon calls a “beef” is made—hence the wailing of pipes since “the mists of antiquity,” as the Douglas peerage describes these martial unrecorded centuries before Lyon King-at-Arms made early rieviers sound as worthy as early worms. The Lyon King's capital wants its own Household Cavalry for Royal Visits and for keeps. The Blues and the Tins never (except in war) leave Greater London; the Greys should remain permanently at Redford, providing proud Edinburgh with a counter-attraction to the flood-lighting, of which it is tired, and the “Duke's” with some dashing followers. No man is more dashing or better liked in the whole of the Heavy Brigade than the Grey's C.O., Colonel Hugh Gaisford-St. Lawrence, whose elder brother is Captain Thomas Gaisford-St. Lawrence, of Howth Castle, late the Seaforth Highlanders. Their father, Commander Julian Gaisford, added the St. Lawrence in 1909 on succeeding to the estates of his uncle, the fourth and last Earl of Howth. The Norman St. Lawrences established themselves in

Co. Dublin in the 12th century; the Gaisfords have been Wiltshire since the 15th.

* * *
Meanwhile the Highland Brigade has sustained casualties in Palestine (the 73rd in Jerusalem) and in Shanghai area, where Major-General Alexander Telfer-Smollett, the dapper little Laird of Bonhill, is commanding British Forces. His boy "Pat," much sought by Scottish débutantes, has just followed father into the 74th, who are at Peshawar. The 72nd have shaken down in Hong-Kong with a new C.O., Colonel Alexander Wolfe-Murray, who commanded a service battalion of the Gordons at the age of twenty-six on the Western Front. At last the fighting soldiers, who really won the war, are emerging from twenty years' obscurity into high places. It is comforting to realise Army leadership will henceforth be in the hands and heads of those to whom awful responsibilities were all in the day's work. Changes in the Household Brigade particularly interest London. Major-General Sir Bertram ("Boy") Sergison-Brooke, still in command of the London District (many will never forget his cheerful exchange of smiles with the Duke of Windsor after the revolver episode on Constitution Hill) has as G.S.O.2 Major "Guido" Salisbury-Jones, Coldstream Guards, and as his new D.A.A.G., Major Lord Bingham. Grenadiers with distinguished war services who will soon come under consideration for battalions are Major Allan Adair, Sir Shafto Adair's charming son, and Major "Mike" Dillwyn-Venables-Llewellyn, who married Lady Delia Hicks-Beach. A Coldstreamer in the same category is Major John Moubray of Naemoor, who is in Cairo; in the Scots Guards—Major Leslie Graham, who got an M.C. in his boyhood, and Colonel John Marriott, who won a D.S.O. as well, and a daughter of Otto Kahn; in the Irish Guards—racing regular Major Douglas Faulkner, whose pretty wife is a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester; in the Welsh



ROYAL VISITORS

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark with (centre) the Hon. Mark Watson, whose exhibition of photographs of Iceland at the Wertheim Galleries was honoured by a visit from T.R.H.s. The marriage of the Duke of Connaught's granddaughter, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, to the Heir to the Danish Throne took place in May, 1935. Their recent arrival in London for a short stay was very welcome



Ker Seymour

LADY ROSE PAGET

Though she only came out last summer, being a social success has quickly palled on the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's enterprising third daughter, and learning to be a ballet dancer is now her all-engrossing interest. Lady Rose Paget is studying at Sadler's Wells, and made her first public appearance recently in the "Swan Lake" ballet. Her sister, Lady Caroline Paget, took up a stage career not long ago, and had a small part in *Blondie White*



AT A BELVOIR MEET

Captain Jim Seely talking to the Duchess of Rutland and her younger daughter, Lady Isabel Guinness, when the Duke of Rutland's hounds were at Thorpe Arnold last Wednesday. On November 24, Mr. Loel and Lady Isabel Guinness will have been married a year; that there will be suitable celebrations goes without saying

Guards—Sir "Alec" Stanier, whose home, The Citadel, stands near Shrewsbury. Though London misses the 3rd Coldstream, who have gone to Egypt, commanded by Colonel "Jock" Whitaker,

emeralds; Raymond de Trafford, house decorator; the Herbert Edgars, who gave a party a few days later (their "Flying Cloud" is in Cannes harbour); the Leonard Plugges, a Parliamentary couple who give excellent dinner parties in one of the surviving houses in Park Lane; the Hugh Leveson-Gowers, who had a small cocktail party for the Moffats, from Paris; and that captain of British industry, Major Colin Kingham, who belongs to the George Philippi's shooting commune at Crawley Court, which includes her brother-in-law, Lord Lisburne, Colonel "Jimmy" Horlick and Paul Dubonnet, a crack from France. Major Kingham has copied Paul's celebrated tripod pannier—almost as comfortable as an armchair. These two superior guns on their superior seats eat shooting lunch apart at a figurative high table. A shooting story concerns Lord Suffolk, who is studying to be a scientist in Edinburgh. He has packed world-wide adventures into a comparatively short life, is well read, hard-working and original with an Elizabethan breadth of mind, an Olympian indifference to public opinion. Studies give him little practice for sports, so he found himself missing haystacks. "I saw every-one glowering at me," he said, "and in desperation I started

(Continued overleaf)

And the World said—continued

shooting, gangster fashion." My friend asked, "What does that mean?" The 20th Earl replied nonchalantly, "From the hip, my dear fellow, from the hip."

Harringay took finding on the foggy night of the fight, when Lady Elisabeth Oldfield and husband (they look alike already, no need to grow alike), having been lost in the wilds of Stamford Hill, only slid into their seats as the first bell rang. Enthusiasts, equipped with cushions, field-glasses and eye-shades, made the usual din. "Critch's" guests, screened from all this, included Lord Castlerosse, who put away two rolls while waiting for less punctual people, Diana Fishwick, who is going to Switzerland, then the U.S., lucky girl, and Major Philip Magor, who evidently enjoyed sharing sole with Mrs. Signe Grant, the attractive Norwegian *fiancée* of Colonel Horace Webber. Everyone enjoyed the spectacle of the diner who slipped up on a slice of smoked salmon. To slip into débutante Bettine Lindsay Everard's crowded cocktail party was not easy. "Mother" entertained upstairs, but Mrs. Denton Carlisle, swept into the juvenile department, stayed because she could not get out. The young were charmed. Lady Carisbrooke and the "Jack" Pagets, who can't get used to Roehampton after California, remained with their contemporaries; Lord Macduff, talking to "Mollie" Sullivan, Monica Drummond and Sybil Berry with theirs. "Betty" Dunn, whose aunt, Mrs. Ralph Philipson, gave her, perhaps, the best big dance of the summer, was waited on by Prince Emanuel Galitzine. Pretty girls who said "Just get me some sherry" did not know what ju-jitsu this entailed for the Dance List Lads, who nearly knocked each other down complying. One of the tallest dancing bachelors, Hugh Gordon-Browne, raced at Windsor with attractive Viola Calmettes. The wonder is that anyone went to Windsor at all on a raw afternoon with visibility one furlong; but it was packed, which proves the English mad, if proof be needed. Though Lord Valentia was deterred by the damp from leaving St. James's, the locals, including Northesks, Hugh Campbells, with half-termining son, Harold Huths, Vivian Cornelius and Mala Brand, were reinforced by the invincibles—Miss Sherriffe, Lady Kimberley, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Mrs. Beatty, armed by Dudley Gilroy, little Joan Henry (almost as keen as her mother, Mrs. Frank Weld-Forester), Elsie Fawcett (almost as

keen as her father, Colonel C. B. Petre), Mrs. Hélène Glorney, who won two races, Mrs. Bond, talking to Sir Percy Newson, and, talking to everyone, Miss Chappell-Hodge, most original of veteran reguleares. Miss Brand, who does not relish racing (she arrived after the third event and left before the fifth), has moved from Berkshire to Surrey, ditto the "Dick" Herberts and the Napoleon Brinckmanns. Mala's new abode is what agents might call "Luxurious Antique Farmhouse, oak beams and modern comforts; ducks supplied by Lord Northesk, decorations by the landlord, Lady Inchcape." The tenant supplies her favourite visitors with mugs, their names painted clearly on each. One is labelled "Luce," another "Don" for Lord Donegall. Claire is in New York rehearsing *Of Mice and Men* for George Kaufman, who calls it "Of Luce and Men," she being the only woman in the cast. Founded on the book, it will prove either a grim success or a powerful failure, thinks Luce, which sounds like the Scots gardener's "Maybe it wull rain or maybe it wull snaw."



AT THE PARADISE: MISS "TINY" DENNISON SWORD AND COUNT METTERNICH

Count Metternich seems to be wearing some sort of temporary "tile" of the type that soldiers wore when his ancestor was busy sending armies round most of Europe. Prince Metternich dominated Austria for forty years from 1809

It did neither, nor fog, for Lady Harcourt's financial success—the White City firework party. This charming young hostess worked with a will. You have only to look at Lady Harcourt to see she has a darling character, which her friends confirm. She also had splendid helpers in Lady Knollys and Rosemary Stanley, and a grand host in General Critchley. Many grand people dined, including Prinz Friedrich von Preussen, Lady Carnarvon, with Mr. John Roberts (last seen deck-pacing at Deauville), Lady Mainwaring, with "Billy" Wessel, the John Hanbury-Williams, a couple with beautiful manners, all the more significant in this shirty age, the Ladies Jean Rankin and "Snowdrop" Philipps, the Anthony Actons and Mrs. Maynard Greville, whose débutante Felice is Daisy, Lady Warwick's, most attractive grandchild, not excepting the would-be Gable(d) Earl. More fireworks were let off in the country by the William Lindsays, a likeable pair of young parents. He is the nephew and heir of that fine side-whiskered sportsman, Lord Lindsay, who hunts the most northerly pack in the U.K., and she had the musical name of Margery Cross. The "Reggie" Garnetts, who shared these squibs and a bonfire, are again helping the Finnish Minister and Madame de Gripenberg with the huge dinner-party the Anglo-Finnish Society is having at Grosvenor House. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent will be there, also Dr. Burgin (the Minister of Transport), Mr. Robert Hudson and Lord Plymouth.



LORD AND LADY LYTTON AT KNEBWORTH

Lord and Lady Lytton are seen here with their daughter, Lady Hermione Cobbold, and her baby son and daughter. Lord Lytton was Governor of Bengal during the terrorist period, a very trying time for all concerned. Lady Hermione married Mr. C. F. Cobbold in 1930; she has another daughter who is not in the picture



H.M. THE QUEEN, H.M. QUEEN MARY, AND (LEFT)
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON ARMISTICE DAY

A striking picture taken immediately after the ceremony at the Cenotaph and the subsequent one at the Haig Memorial Statue. H.M. the Queen, H.M. Queen Mary and members of the Royal Family watched the whole proceedings from the windows of the Home Office, and displayed complete composure during the regrettable incident which marred the two minutes' silence. The interrupter, as is now known, was an unfortunate who was not responsible for his action. In the evening Their Majesties and H.M. Queen Mary were present at the British Legion Festival of Empire and Remembrance at the Albert Hall

THE CINEMA

A Junior Galaxy

By JAMES AGATE

ABROADCASTING film critic, Mr. Alistair Cooke, has had the brilliant idea of assembling in a volume called *Garbo and the Night Watchmen* a number of film criticisms of the younger British and American critics. As I am writing in a week when there is not a film that any of these critics would condescend to notice, I have no hesitation in giving readers of THE TATLER a taste of these clever young persons' quality. The first thing to note is that the volume ignores vulgar critics like Miss Lejeune and myself, preferring to quote the more esoteric contributors to papers like *Life* and *Letters To-day*, *The New Statesman*, and *The Manchester Guardian*. In other words, it is all the highest of the highbrow.

Let us begin with Mr. Robert Herring. Mr. Herring starts off with Jannings in *The Way of all Flesh*:—

Father wakes, stretches, gets up. This takes some time. The children wake. There are six of them, so this also takes some time. The last two, as their cot shows, are quite young. But father is quite old. He has a beard. Germans have beards, however, when they are quite young. Yet Father's knees are stiff, so Father must be quite old. Where is Mother? She would explain, but she is not here...

They are all in the bathroom now, Father superintending. Brush, spit, gargle, spit. Very pretty...

You remember *Vaudeville*. It is like that; pounding, pounding. The method gives a number of "moments," and we admire Jannings for taking longer, say to light a cigar, than we had believed possible. He has control, he can draw out details to their breaking point. But what is it all leading up to? Where is that inner quality that makes these details, if not æsthetic, expressive?

The point, dear Mr. Herring, is that the director did not intend any inner quality. He set out to show a man getting up in the morning, and therefore he made him wake and stretch, brush, spit, and gargle. There was no artistic significance behind this. The director had just made himself into a German, and a German can never leave out anything. That is all there is to be said about it. But Mr. Herring, when he wants, can write brilliantly. The trouble with him as yet is that too often he wants to write too brilliantly, which leads him to write nonsense like the following:—

This is the Great Piece of Acting. But what is the use and where is the beauty of it? We do not need the films for this. It "made the directors cry." I don't wonder. And isn't that a very easy thing to do, to make people cry? Easier than making them laugh, or exhilarating them by the beauty of the flow of images.

Timidly I suggest that here Mr. Herring has got his values thoroughly muddled.

I like Mr. Don Herold, the American writer, who has invented his own epitaph twice over: "This is too deep for me," and "Breath takes a holiday." Hear him on that idiotic film, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*:—

There is no fiction with more kick in it than that of brave men on desert outpost duty, contending with slimy Arab meanies, who make all other menaces seem pansy in comparison... The heroes, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, do idiotic things in order to bring excitement down on the audience—such as trying to rescue Richard Cromwell from the clutches of Mohammed Khan, a job that really calls for about 5,000 men. But if everybody lived as sensibly and cautiously as I do, with my life insurance and overshoes and gargles, there just wouldn't be any movies.

And he is grand about the colour film:—

I don't believe colour will revolutionise motion pictures one iota of a revolution. At least, not until they learn how to keep all the actors from looking like roast turkeys. There is no sex appeal in a gal who looks as if she were in the last stages of scarlatina...

In the first place, we don't see colour in real life to any such extent as they give it to us in this picture. Things are coloured in the world in which we live, but rather dully and greyly coloured—whereas in *Becky Sharp* they are shriekingly brilliant. The colours are the colours of souvenir post-cards (which are certainly zero as an art form)—vivid, livid, disturbing, and distracting. You see colours when you should be having emotions. If Technicolor can give us colour without giving us colour, then they'll have something.

I agree with Mr. Herold here, because he says what I have been saying for months.

Now let us have a word of Mr. Cooke himself. Read him on the mess the film made of that admirable play, *Love from a Stranger*:—

Trafalgar Films, Ltd., do their part to scotch these nasty rumours about the local film industry by introducing us to Ann Harding as an object of pity, a poor working girl living in a flat that would cost, at a modest guess, about six hundred a year. Our hopes pick up when she wins a sweep-stake and when Basil Rathbone, his cultivated brow pained at the mention of "guide-books," offers to show her a strange, lovely Europe, personal "out-of-the-way" places. Mr. Rathbone's untrodden ways take in the Champs Elysées, the Folies-Bergère, Rome, Cannes, a suite at the Dorchester, and—believe it or not—a "place" in Kent. It's only when Miss Harding is finally locked in that cottage in Kent, with no hope of escaping to Stratford-on-Avon, the Taj Mahal, or Lake Killarney that the movie can settle into a single episode of beautifully developed and well-written masochism.

And here is Mr. Graham Greene telling the truth about the film of *Romeo and Juliet* as I venture to think it was told on this page:—

The late Irving Thalberg, the producer, has had a funeral success second only to Rudolph Valentino's, but there is nothing in the film to show that he was a producer of uncommon talent. He has made a big film, as Hollywood recognises that adjective; all is on the characteristic Metro-Goldwyn scale: a Friar Laurence's cell with the appearance of a modern luxury flat, with a laboratory of retorts and test-tubes worthy of a Wells superman (no "osier cage" of a few flowers and weeds); a balcony so high that Juliet should really have conversed with Romeo in shouts like a sailor from the crow's-nest sighting land; a spectacular beginning with the Montagues and Capulets parading through pasteboard streets to the same church, rather late, it appears from the vague popish singing off, for Benediction; Verona seen from the air, too palpably a childish model; an audible lark proclaiming in sparrow accents that it is not the nightingale; night skies sparkling with improbably tinsel stars; and lighting so oddly timed that when Juliet remarks that the mask of night is on her face "else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek," not Verona's high noon could have lit her more plainly... I am less than ever convinced that there is an æsthetic justification for filming Shakespeare at all.

To this Mr. Greene adds a champing postscript: "One found oneself surrounded in the theatre by prosperous middle-aged ladies anxiously learning the story in the programme for the first time; urgent whispers came from the knowing ones, as Romeo went down into the Capulet tomb, preparing their timorous companions for an unexpected and unhappy ending."

Last and best of all there is Mrs. Cecelia Ager, an American critic, who is absolutely new to me and of whom I want to know a great deal more. Read her in this book on some twenty films, and, choosing at random, note this about Miss Kay Francis in a film called *Another Dawn*:—

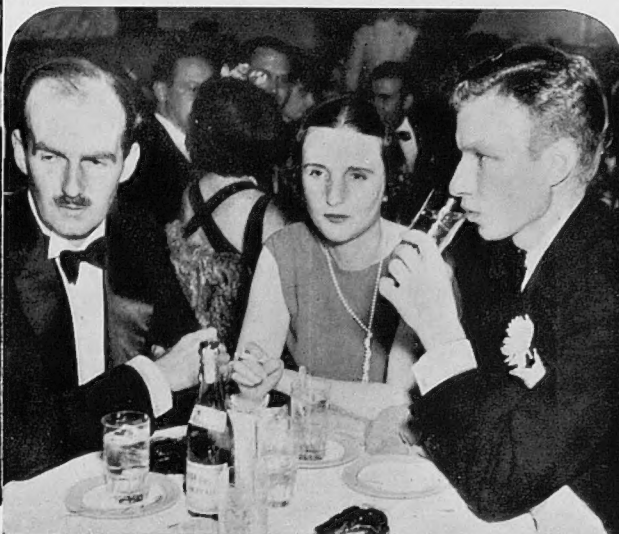
Ardently searching the horizon—because she's supposed to be a deep one—Miss Francis pretends she doesn't know what's going on, but there aren't many people who have Miss Francis's ability to be unaware of what she chooses not to be aware of. So, while she's having a soul, she's also got a mess of draperies, the very latest thing for desert sand-storms. So late, in fact, that nobody ever thought of them before, figuring, with stodgy practicality, that a sand-storm is enough trouble without a lot of silken stuffs swirling around. But Miss Francis's floating scarves, dervish skirts and feather capes do have a certain merit, ballooning in the sirocco; watching them sort of hypnotises people, and keeps their minds off the spiritual things she says.

Mrs. Ager is even better about Miss Margaret Dumont, "the dame who takes the raps from the Marx Bros." And she is irresistibly and severely witty about Miss Ann Harding, La Garbo, and La Crawford. The editor rightly says in his preface: "Perhaps only the beautiful finality of Mrs. Ager's writing, and her special assignment to judge only the women in films, uniquely qualifies her to be called the cinema's recording angel." I should, I suppose, apologise for handing over so much of these blazing young sparks. All I can say is that I have found them as good as a tonic, and I can never resist passing on a good tonic when I come across one.

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MR. AND MRS. JACK WILSON



ENGO FIERMONTE, EX-PUGILIST,
LADY CASTLEROSSE, AND MR.
GEORGE CUKOR



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR.

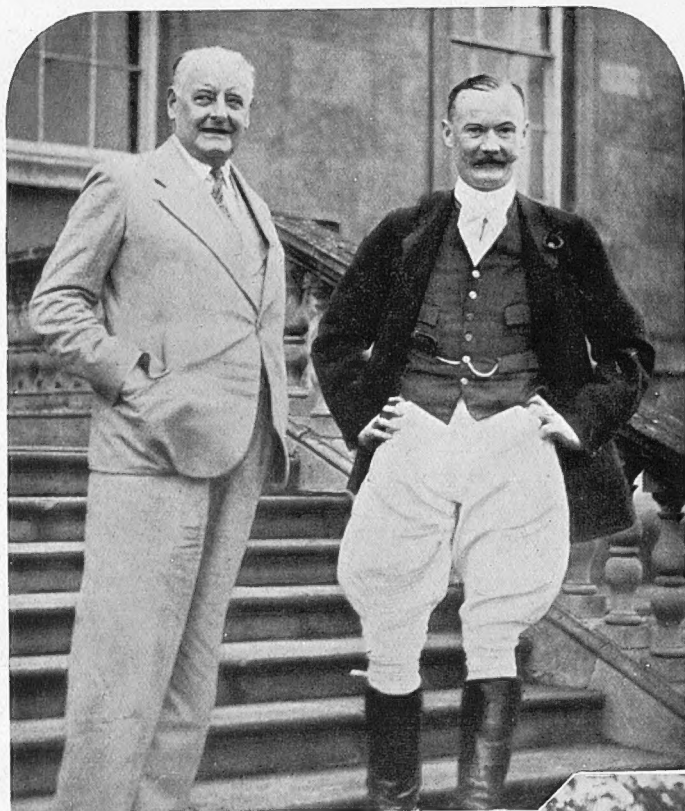


SIR HUBERT WILKINS. THE GREAT
EXPLORER, AND HIS WIFE

All the snapshots in this little collection were taken at one of New York's most famous evening rallying points, El Morocco, and the photographic franc-tireur was so lucky as to shoot a host of celebrities all at the same time. Sir Hubert Wilkins, for instance, was there just before departing on his latest "trip." He made a gallant effort to rescue the unfortunate Russian airmen lost in the Arctic. Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt flew over the Andes in their private plane, and his book about it all, called *Flying Lanes*, has just been published in New York. Lord and Lady Nunburnholme have been visiting New York, and so has Pat Roark, the latter purely for polo purposes, and his fair (or dark ?) partner, Miss Betty Bryant, is famous in the concert world of song. The Duchess of Westminster is being inducted into America's latest dance by the ubiquitous Mr. Cecil Beaton. The "Big Apple," of course, has reached London. Mr. Jack Wilson, who is a partner in Noel Coward's theatrical productions, is with his new wife, the former Princess Nathalie Paley, a daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, and Margot Grahame, our English film-star, is with one of the world's racing celebrities



MISS MARGOT GRAHAME AND
CAPTAIN JEFFERSON COHN



McGuirk

WITH THE CROOME AT CROOME COURT

Lord Beauchamp and Lord Coventry, the Croome Master, who also hunts hounds, assisted part of the week by W. Pavitt, the professional huntsman. Lord Coventry has been Master of these hounds since 1932. Hounds have been kennelled at Croome since 1600

A Leicestershire Letter

Three inches of rain last week made all the difference. A very difficult cubbing season owing to hard ground and poor scent. The Belvoir were the first of the Leicestershire packs to open the regular season, at Leadenham on Tuesday, and at Croxton Park on Wednesday. The Quorn and Cottesmore start regular hunting this next week, the season opening with the time-honoured and bus-riden meet at Kirby Gate.

On Monday the Quorn met at Old Dalby at 10 a.m. in fog. This cleared by the time we got to Ragdale Wood, and, after killing yet another brace, some obliging foxes took us umpteen times round and round the Hoby Vale without ever crossing a road; everyone delighted with themselves—and their horses.

Tuesday, we understand, saw "Master" from Badminton making an unofficial inspection of the Cottesmore, who naturally gave of their best. Wednesday, a very warm day, with the Belvoir at Croxton Park. One of a brace from Bescaby Oaks took us through Stonesby Gorse and the Rectory grounds to the outskirts of Waltham, where he was killed. Horses and riders, especially riders, hot and tired. Smithy should give more attention to the sale of Neovita for humans and less to Renovita for horses and hounds.

On Friday the Quorn had a fast gallop from Sherrards to Barkby Holt and back, then a left-handed circle, hunting with great drive towards Rearsby, and they killed him in Sherrards. Subsequently, the usual dart from Gaddesby to Brooksby Spinney. Numerous casualties! "Jolly old John" rumoured to have had his head bashed by a kick from one of his new quads. Subsequent enquiries, however, established that John has his ribs in "anti-phlo.," and the horse his foot in a poultice. Saturday, the Belvoir at Long Clawson.

From the Shires and Provinces

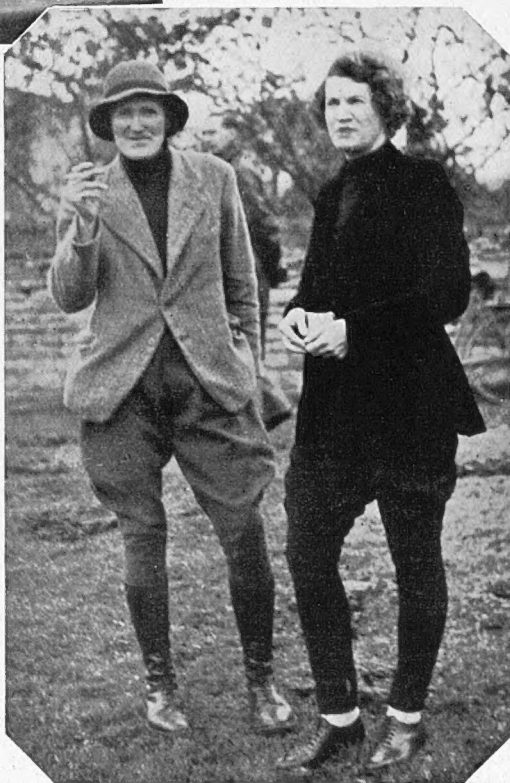
A cracking good day. A fast hunt from Sherbrookes to Hose Thorns; no delay, on more slowly to Harby Hump Bridge, whereabouts a cunning fox, or, more likely, a brace alternate sides of the canal, slowed things up. Then a holla back and we jumped our way back to Sherrards.

Drew Hose Thorns and had a first-class hunt to Holwell Mouth, then on slowly into the Quorn country, eventually giving up near Shoby Cross-roads. Hose Thorns to Welby Osiers is a seven-mile point, and they hunted on beautifully long after the Osiers, making a complete circle round Saxelbye and on past Shoby Priory, where George and Toby viewed a tired foe. Bravo the Belvoir!

From the Fernie

Papillon Hall, that beautiful Lutyens-designed house, was our rendezvous on Monday, when quite the largest field yet were out. A heavy mist lay over the landscape but vanished as the day advanced. It was pleasing to see Sir Harold Wernher with us again, also Georgina, and Alex taking a day off from Sandhurst. Pamps Gorse failed us, but a jog on to the Hothorpe Hills did both horse and man considerable good. There a fox was soon away from de Traffords Gorse, and he was hunted into the depths of the Marston Woods. The rides were steep and

deep, and the long string of followers had to pick their way warily. Clear of the wood, however, the fun commenced. Timber was the first obstruction. Miss Edith Hazlerigg flew it in good style on a sporting-looking grey. The fair sex were certainly the boldest that day. Hounds ran on to Longhold and Naseby, in Pytchley territory, finishing at Sibbertoft, and gave the field their first good run of the season. Thursday at Allextion, with a small attendance, started off with an Allextion Wood fox who got in behind the Hall. There the Fairhursts, who have come back again after a long absence, called up all hands for ejection, but the varmint refused to budge. A good hunt from Vowes set the pace round the Hallaton country and gave one the feeling that the season has now really commenced. There were several mishaps and empty saddles. One rider's garment was rent from top to bottom, but such things happen now and then. All is now set for the opening meet.



ON THE COTTESMORE'S OPENING DAY

Lady Barbara Seymour, who is a sister of the late Lord Lathom and the widow of Mr. Francis Seymour, 60th Rifles, who was killed in action, with the Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith, Lord and Lady Burnham's younger daughter, at Greetham, where the Cottesmore opened the ball

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings

The cub-hunting season finished up with a red-letter day on Saturday, 6th, at Easton Grey, and we were kept busy all day over some of the best of the Saturday country,

but the going was decidedly firm. The opening meet took place on the following Monday at Badminton House, when one and all were hospitably entertained. The field included a large contingent of Eton long leavers, but, alas! scent was hopeless and down came the much-needed rain. We can't have it both ways! As to our neighbours, the Berkeley opened the same day with fair sport, whilst from all accounts the Crick Lads, who had a wonderful Wire Ball, had a moderate day from Fairford, where the opening rendezvous took place instead of that charming home of Captain Sydney Dennis, of Down Ampney. Perhaps the aeroplanes

(Continued on p. 326)

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JACK OAKIE GIVES A PARTY



JACKIE COOGAN AND BETTY GRABLE GET "THE YAWNS"



GINGER ROGERS, JACK OAKIE AND JACK BENNY



CESAR ROMERO AND SONJA HENIE



Photos: Hyman Fink

LUPE VELEZ AND JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Jack Oakie, who has figured so consistently as the "poor mutt" of so many films, was the host of this Hollywood merrymaking. He is seen at the top, on the right, with Ginger Rogers, who is, rather surprisingly, to appear shortly in a new film with Katharine Hepburn. We must hasten to point out that Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, who are engaged, by the way, did not really find that the party was keeping them up—they were disguised as an advertisement for something. Sonja Henie is the heroine of "Lovely to Look At," with Tyrone Power, a film for which, some people say, there is little more to be said than its title. Lupe Velez is Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller—her husband is the former swimming champion and the impersonator of Tarzan, the individual who reminds us of our common ancestry with Booboo and Jubilee

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

was the "parlour," which place is a far more universal world than any "platform." Nine-tenths of most people's lives are spent in the atmosphere of "parlours." That is where life for most of us is passed. We are only, so to speak, dragged out to think about gas-masks by compulsion; for the rest of the time it is love and earning one's living, and making friends, and going out to tea, or having a cold in the head and staying at home which matters. Except when we are alone with ourselves, most of us live in a two-dimensional world; while I have long come to the conclusion that those who live on "platforms" live merely in a single-dimensional one—their pet theory and themselves in the midst of it.

And in her "parlour" world, Jane Austen has given us something which is very much like a replica of our own daily existence; which, being an existence unchangeable so long as men and women are as they are, will always remain undated. And she was a realist in that she pictured this world, with most of its foibles, its busybodyness, its abiding interest in love and marriage, birth and death, parties and pretensions, as no other writer has pictured them—leaving no acid taste behind. After all, it is the simple home-life which the majority of us live, and only wish we might be allowed to live it more peacefully.

As Beatrice Kean Seymour declares in her delightful "Study for a Portrait: Jane Austen" (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.)—which every Jane lover will want to read—it is absurd to blame her because none of her novels reflects the troublous times in which they were written; inferring thereby that she herself was callous to its effect on others, because she was indifferent to it herself. There is too much false conviction already in this world about the metaphorical moaning widow feeling the greater loss. She doesn't. She is merely dramatising her emotions, as the egoists invariably do; contented by the knowledge that with most people they will get away with it. That the sorrow in Jane Austen's own life—and she had many sorrows and anxieties—is not reflected in her stories is a tribute to her as an artist. Even in her letter to her sister Cassandra, when she learns of the big losses suffered by the English troops in Spain, she writes: "Thank Heaven! We have no one to care for particularly among the troops." Well that, to be quite honest, is the reaction of most people to any tragedy in which they have no concern, try as they will to appear dumbfounded by pity.

To a certain extent, Mrs. Kean Seymour's study of Jane Austen, the woman behind the writer, is a refutation of those people who see in her stories merely chatter about Harriet, related by someone who neither felt deeply nor knew anything of the world outside a vicarage drawing-room. Yet in spite of the delight which every Jane lover will have in reading it, I don't suppose she will convince those for whom "Emma," "Northanger Abbey," "Pride and Prejudice" (I place these three novels in the order of my love) are mere "thin" artificiality. You can never convince people without a vestige of a sense of humour that there is any aspect of realism which is not either grim or portentous, or even humour which is not, at the same time, as obvious as a "funny story." Briefly, you are a "Jane-ite" or you are not—and never will be. But

for all "Jane-ites," this new "Study for a Portrait" will bring real delight—the delight of listening to someone who talks about old friends, and of a world which we have known intimately, loved, and hope to revisit as often as we can. Someone, in fact, who by her book is undoubtedly "one of us." One, for example, who can write: "In a society which has enthroned the machine-gun and carried it aloft even into the quiet heavens, there will always be men and women—escapist or not, as you please—who will turn to her novels with an unending sense of relief and thankfulness." And again: "The truth is that Jane had a sense of proportion that was as amazing as anything about her, so that she got the emphasis in the right places, was not only possessed perennially of a pleasure in the 'little' things of life, but knew that they were also the important things."

Life's Second Edition.

"How to be Your Own Boss" (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), by T. A. Lowe, is the kind of little book which I would like to give to every man who, forced to retire while still in the prime of life, wants to know how best to make his "leisure" profitable by taking up a new occupation for which he is not yet too old. It is the tragedy of so many people that when they "resign," they don't know what to do with themselves if they have just sufficient to live upon without doing anything; men especially. Let me add here, however, that the book is not one for those who are too old to begin anything very much. All these can hope for is that in the years gone by they were wise enough to cultivate a hobby or an interest outside themselves. A "little golf" and their own ailments always carry their own punishment. No, Mr. Lowe's book is addressed to those who are retiring from the fighting forces, or the Civil Service, with a small pension, or have perforce to make for themselves a new career while a new career can be made. They will find the book a whole gold-mine of information; not the least being that it is asking for ruination to invest your money in an undertaking for which you have previously acquired no experience.

"A man," he writes wisely, "should first learn the business he intends to practice, and invest his savings in it afterwards." Consequently, he gives no detailed instructions on how to

acquire knowledge without experience. Mostly he devotes his task to the experiences of others who, for one reason or another, have decided to "begin again," and begin differently. Thus, for example, "Fougasse" tells us how to become a black-and-white artist; "Anthony Armstrong" on how to become a dramatist; but, more unusual than these men, a younger one who, being told by his doctor that only a life in the open air would save him, bought an old motor-van and two hundred second-hand books from *The Times Book Club*, and began a twopenny travelling library, visiting his customers weekly, and thus building up a fascinating business "for the man who is content to make a small income, but no use at all for money-making on a big scale." This young man's story is interesting and amusing enough to make a book of its own. But there is not a chapter which is not of real value to anyone, man or woman, who is seeking for some new occupation with which to make his retirement both interesting as well as profitable.



MISS DORIS ZINKEISEN WITH "TOP HAT," "GINGER ROGERS" AND "QUAKER GIRL"

The famous young artist and dress-designer is one of those prudent people who believe that the outside of a horse is the best kind of tonic for the physical side of things. This picture was taken at Thornby, in Northamptonshire, where she and her husband, Mr. Graham Johnstone, and their three children live in one of the best hunting countries in the world. Her three children, incidentally, go into her private Christmas card and she was also responsible for the decorations in the "Queen Mary" and in the film "Victoria the Great"

AT LAST WEEK'S LEICESTER MEETING



THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND MAJOR
A. E. BURNABY THINK THINGS OVER



GORDON RICHARDS AND JACK SIRETT
MAKING FOR THE SADDLING RING



MRS. A. E. BURNABY AND WALTER
WILSON, EX-QUORN HUNTSMAN



MRS. MARSON TALKING TO
MRS. R. A. BARNES GORELL



MRS. GODFREY LLOYD THOMAS, WITH
SON DAVID AND DAUGHTER ANNE



MRS. CURZON-HOWE AND THE
MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE

The first day of the Leicester meeting had two noteworthy happenings. One was the return to the saddle of Jack Sirett; the other was the judge's more than merely a Minor mistake in placings in the Atherstone Handicap, which caused a small uproar until corrected. Jack Sirett, making a surprise and welcome reappearance, rode Star of Aeon for his father-in-law, Mr. Cornelius, in the opening seller. This was his first ride since he broke several bones at Brighton in June, when Diomint's saddle slipped. Gordon Richards notched up two more successes, making his very grand total of winning rides 2213. Popular Major "Algy" Burnaby is one of the Stewards of the Leicester meeting. He talked racing with owner Lady Mar, and his wife exchanged news with Walter Wilson, who hunted the Quorn hounds during ten of the thirteen seasons that Major Burnaby was Master and joint-Master. Lady Cambridge is an owner under both codes

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

HAVING written a book in which I ventured to describe the Rules of Golf as the "journalist's hardy annual," I feel a little chary of approaching the subject; but really the adventures of some of our professional golfers in Alliance meetings seem to merit a little attention. Max Faulkner, you may remember reading, lost his ball from the first tee, or, at any rate, thinking he had, returned to play another. I don't think there was any question of his having yet expended the five minutes period of search allowed by the law: that is to say, if, before he played another, someone had shouted that they had now found his first one, he could perfectly well have gone back and played it (though not, of course, if more than five minutes had in fact elapsed).

The point was, however, that he did reach the tee and he did play another. Just before he played it, there came voices from down the fairway crying that the first had been found. He was about to pick up his already tee-ed second ball and go down to play the original one, when that ever-present scourge the casual spectator, observed: "Better play this one as well, in case that's not yours they have found." So Faulkner fell into the trap and played the second ball.

Then, of course, the ball they had found *was* his first one, so he played it, got his four, went round in 69, won the tournament, and was well and truly and properly disqualified. A lot of people did not seem able to grasp the reason, probably through failure to discern the true nature of a provisional ball. If you go and look for your ball, fail to find it, and return and actually play another, that second ball automatically becomes in play. If you then find the first ball, you save a florin, but you have still played three. After all, you cannot expect to be allowed to go about playing odd shots with a different ball in the middle of the round.

A provisional ball, on the other hand, is no more than its name suggests—simply a ball that is played "in case." It is played for no other reason than to save time and trouble later, and its very nature insists that it shall be played at

once. A moment's thought will show that this rule is entirely reasonable. Indeed, the whole code of rules and decisions—and heaven knows there are enough of them—shows itself to be based purely on the "fair thing to do." Scarcely a man knows the rules of golf from A to Z, but put up the most complicated problem you like and you will find that the ultimate correct solution is the one at which you would arrive without the aid of the book of rules, simply on the basis of fairness in general.

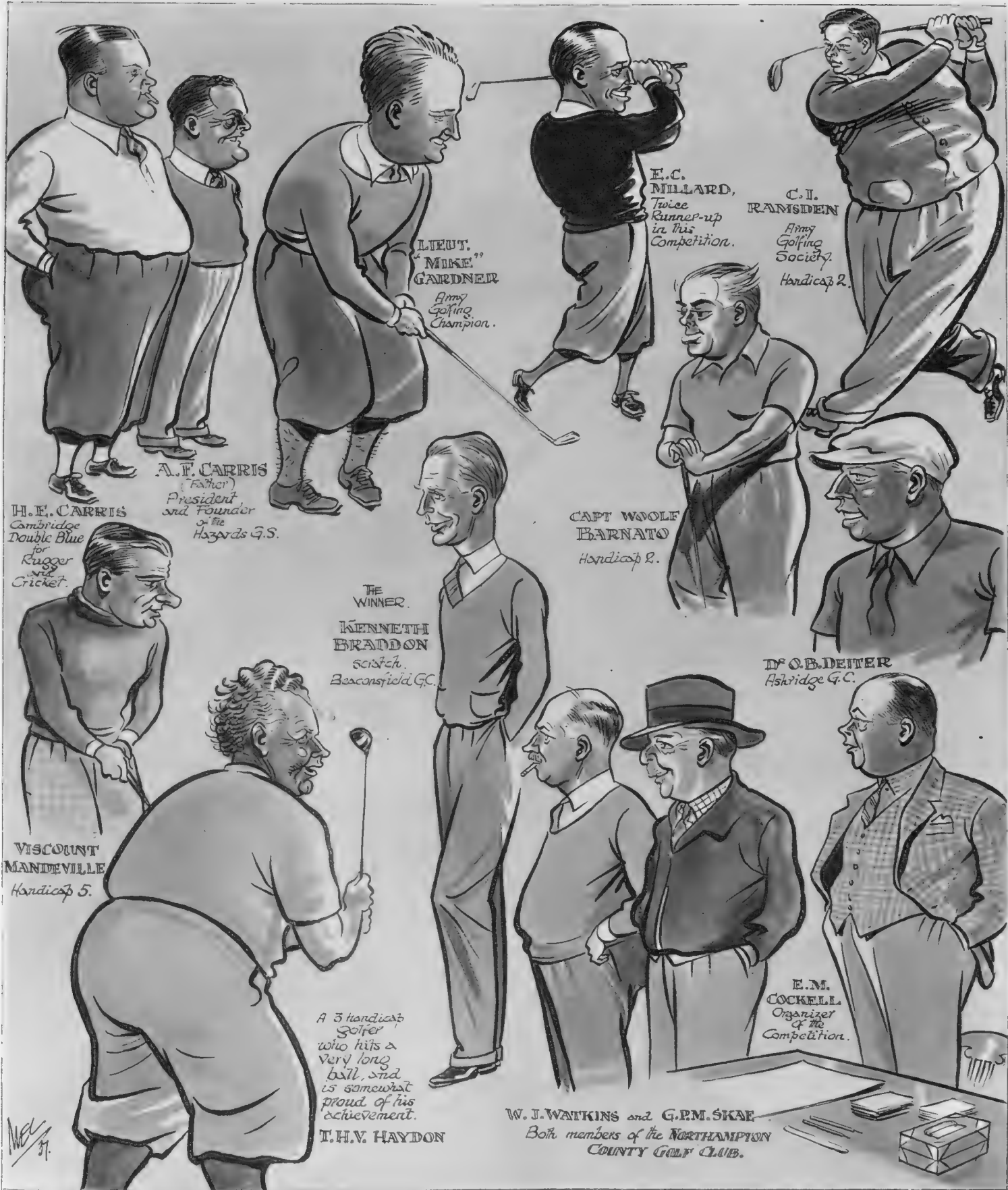
The cry goes up periodically for a simplification of the rules. A similar situation occurred in relation to the laws concerning Income Tax, which are so complicated as to be utterly unintelligible to the average citizen. A Royal Commission sat to look into the matter, if I am not mistaken, and succeeded after some years in simplifying not the rules themselves, but only the wording with which they were expressed. But the sternest critic could scarcely allege that the Rules of Golf are couched in difficult language. As to simplifying the Rules themselves, well—try to do it. The situations in which a golfer may find himself are so diverse when compared with those obtaining in any other sport that a vast code is required to cover them. The only alternative seems to me to abandon the lot and substitute simply two—(1) "The ball shall be played where it lies or the hole be lost"; (2) "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." And if you fancy that alternative (which might do for you and me), just cast your eye upon some of the gentlemen who play golf these days, and imagine the chaos that would result.

But enough of these Rules—if you have read this far. I see that the Joint Advisory Council—which, in case you do not follow golfing "politics," is composed of delegates from the four national Unions—discussed at their last meeting the question of standardising the golf ball. This, for the benefit of those to whom the subject is as a red rag to a bull, is not to be confused with "shortening" the golf ball. They decided to do nothing about it, as I gather, but it is something that the subject should have been discussed.



A SPOT WITH NO BOTHERS: THE HARE-DRAYTON TABLE AT THE STAGE GOLFING SOCIETY'S DINNER
 "Mel's" impression of Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton's table at the Stage Golfing Society's dinner includes a self-portrait. Alfred Drayton was one of the very distinguished company of stars who gave entertainment during the evening. The group are Dr. Desmond Urwick, Alfred Drayton, J. Robertson Hare, "Mel," and Arthur Harford

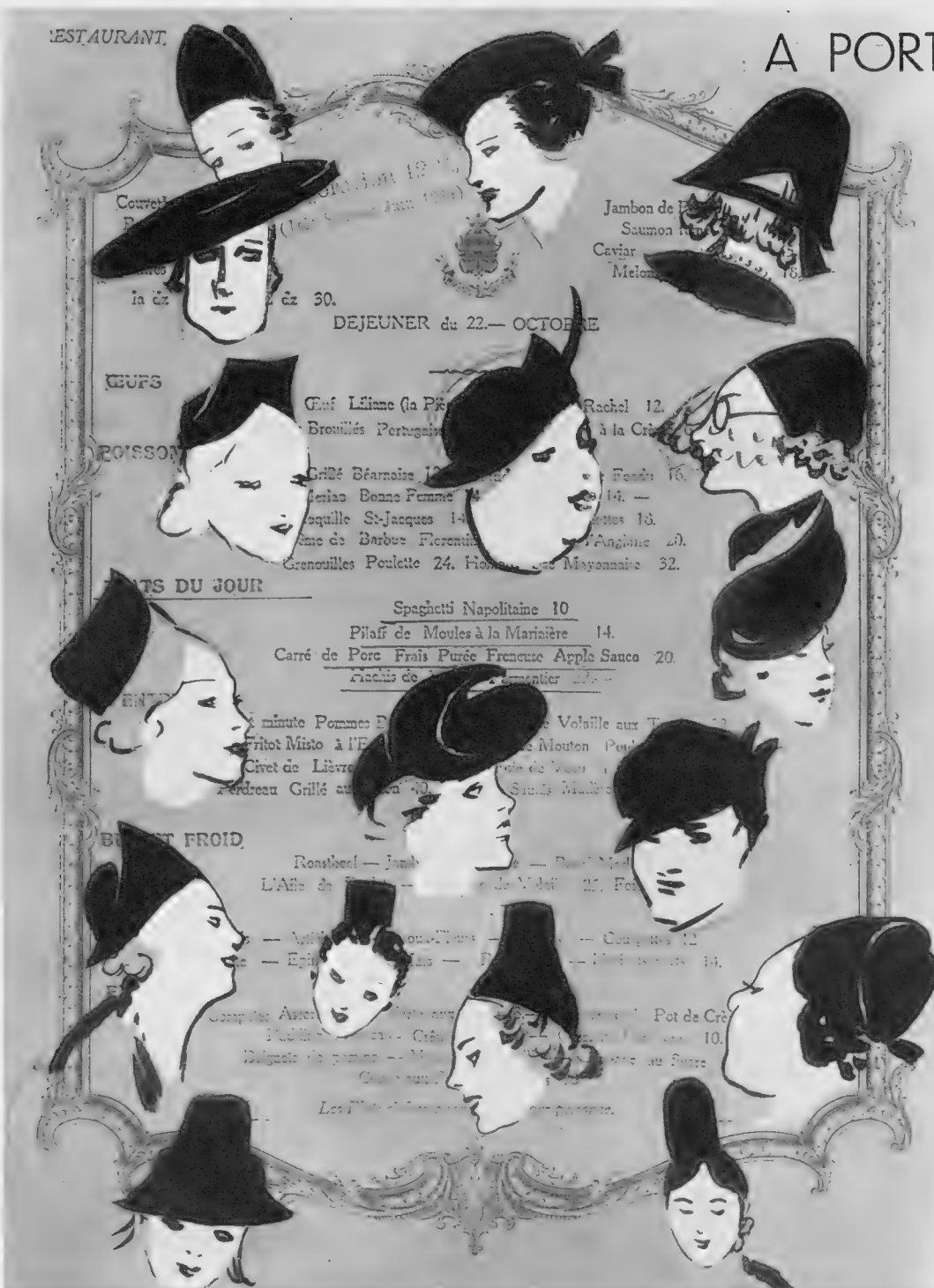
GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE BRANKSOME CHALLENGE CUP AT PARKSTONE GOLF CLUB—By "MEL"

Some sixty competitors took part recently in the annual competition for the Branksome Challenge Cup (thirty-six holes, scratch) and Branksome Challenge Trophy (thirty-six holes handicap), promoted by the Branksome Tower Hotel at the Parkstone Golf Club. This is the eighth year that this very successful and enjoyable competition has taken place. Good golfers always turn up for this event, which was this year won by Kenneth Braddon, a scratch golfer from Beaconsfield G.C. Henry Cotton, the Open Champion, presented the prizes at the Branksome Tower Hotel on the Sunday evening

RESTAURANT

A PORTRAIT PAINTER
GETS AN
EYEFULBy W. B. RANKEN,
R.P., R.I., R.O.I.

out!) What were all these pretty, charming, plain, undistinguished, delightful, nasty, *Bienveillantes*, evil-tongued, pink and white, black and tan women up to? Were they all members of some secret society, some Parisian Cliche, Clache, Cloche?

They didn't look purposeful enough. I had to dismiss that idea and search for another. I'd got it. The *femmes du monde*, or near it, were paying a compliment to the *paysannes* whom they had seen in the Regional Section of the Exhibition, with their funny little lace or muslin contraptions; but had translated them into terms of black felt, and, with a deft pinch here, and a tweak there, had lifted them from their humble origins into the realms of Art. That must be it. Or was it still something different? Was it a gigantic egg-and-spoon race through the streets of Paris—or perhaps I should say spoon-and-egg race, for in this case the faces are the eggs and the spoons are on top—to see how long the fair wearers could balance their respective absurdities on the top of their empty heads?—for I saw no sign of anything to fix them, except in the

I'd seen a few of them—sporadically—even in the South, where I'd just come from, but I hadn't realised that they were the rule, not the exception, till I drifted into the Ritz in Paris to lunch on Friday. But there they were, unmistakably, by the dozen. HATS, if you can call them so! Pill-boxes, square boxes, conch-shells, snail-shells, near-windmills, birettas, mitres, soup-plates, basins, bowls, swastikas, all the most extraordinary shapes you could have thought of. If you had come across one of them lying on the desert sand you would not have had an idea what purpose it was intended to fulfil, but here, from their juxtaposition to the face, there was no doubt that they were supposed to be HATS! The words of Petruchio sprang to my Shakespeare-loving lips: "Fie! This was moulded on a porringer," and he very soon made short work of it—in the fire.

I shaded my eyes for a minute to concentrate on the realities of life and death, riches and poverty, food and drink. In other words, I ordered a sustaining lunch, another cocktail, and something heartening to drink. I then had the courage to look up again. Yes, there they still were! It was no mirage, no illusion of the food-craving brain—or should it be stomach? (I get into somewhat of a difficulty here, for it is the brain that has illusions, and the stomach has cravings and no illusions! Someone else must sort it

case of one or two beginners, for I couldn't suppose they would put glue in their hair!

No, that still wouldn't do. There must be some other solution. But this time I really did get it! It was a vast competition, got up, no doubt, by the newspapers with the concurrence of the great hat-makers. I suppose one could buy voting tickets, or perhaps there were polling-booths to be found in the smarter places of fashionable frequentation.

They were seeing who could wear the ugliest and most unbecoming hat and look the greatest fright in it, a sort of inversion of the classical judgment of Paris, and they were doing it with both hands. Their admirers of the male persuasion were stricken speechless at the sight of them and "petrified incessantly," like the old lady in the play; their mothers, if they were unmarried (the wearers of the hats, I mean, not the mothers), were in terror that they were jeopardising their chances; even their maids had misgivings. But did they care? Not they; they were smart, they were *chic*, they were "it": let husbands, lovers, maids, and mothers scatter in confusion! They were well on the way to winning, to the confounding of their less fortunate sisters, the detestable competition of their enemies, the emulation of the people that really didn't count, the coveted prize—ANOTHER HAT!



THE
BEAUTIFUL
WIFE
OF THE
UN-
DEFEATABLE
SPEED KING
OF THE
BRITISH
PEERAGE



Vandijk, Buckingham Palace Road

THE COUNTESS HOWE: TWO RECENT PORTRAITS

These two very attractive studies of Lady Howe are of quite recent origin. She married the undisputed Speed King of the House of Lords in Johannesburg last February and was then Miss Joyce Mary McLean Jack, the daughter of the late Mr. C. M. Jack and Mrs. Jack, of that great city. Lord Howe has never even learnt how to spell the word "fear," and in spite of that more or less recent and very alarming smash when at his favourite pastime, his nerve is quite unimpaired. In the war he served with distinction in the Howe Battalion, R.N.D., in Belgium, and later in H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth" upon all her exciting naval occasions

CHESHIRE AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT CLUB SHOW



LADY GRISELL BAILLIE-HAMILTON AND THE
HON. HENRY BAILLIE-HAMILTON-ARDEN



SIR RICHARD BROOKE AND
MAJOR CYRIL DEWHURST



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND HER
SONS PATRICK AND CHRISTOPHER



MRS. SMITH-MAXWELL AND THE
HON. MRS. EGERTON-WARBURTON



MRS. HAMILTON CARTER, WITH MAJOR "TIM"
CASEY, M.F.H., AND MAJOR TOMKINSON



Photographs: Truman Howell
MR. PHILIP R. LE B. EGERTON
AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARY

No one who has heard of Cheshire can fail to have heard of the Tarporley Hunt Club, founded in 1762. This famous and exclusive fraternity, whose members wear green knee-breeches and waistcoat with green-collared hunt-coat for gala evening occasions, has just held its annual week at Tarporley, the Melton of Cheshire. One of the big events is the Tarporley Hunt Club dinner at the Swan; another is the Horse Show, at which these pictures were taken. Here hunting scarlet with green collar and waistcoat (day version) is the thing, as worn by Sir Richard Brooke, owner of Norton Priory, and Major Cyril Dewhurst, of Tilstone Lodge, Tarporley. Captain the Hon. Henry Baillie-Hamilton-Arden, president of this year's show, assumed the additional name of Arden several years ago. His sister keeps house for him at Arderne Hall. The Duke of Westminster's daughter was in the money in one of the hunter classes, and Mrs. Hamilton Carter, seen with the Master of the South Cheshire and Major Charles Tomkinson, of Willington Hall, brought a huge party from Bolesworth Castle. Among other popular people on view were Mrs. Smith-Maxwell, whose husband is Secretary to the South Cheshire, and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton-Warburton, *née* Dormer

DANCING AT LORD IVEAGH'S HOUSE IN DUBLIN



MISS ETHEL JAMESON, MR. CECIL HODSON, MISS MURIEL HILL-DILLON,
SIR BASIL GOULDING AND MISS PATRICIA O'MAHONY



THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN
AND MISS IRIS AINSWORTH



MRS. HALES-PAKENHAM-MAHON AND LORD HOLMPATRICK



SIR GEORGE MAHON AND MISS BETTY BRABAZON

Here are results of camera activity in Dublin when Lord Iveagh lent his stately town house in St. Stephen's Green for a Ball in aid of the Richmond National Institute for the Industrious Blind. Miss Ainsworth, daughter of Sir Thomas Ainsworth and Lady HolmPatrick, had the honour of opening the Ball with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. This was a pleasure as well as a distinction, for Alderman "Alfie" Byrne, T.D., who has created a record by being elected Lord Mayor for eight successive years, is one of the most popular personalities in Ireland and grand value at a party. Mr. Cecil Hodson, Sir Edmond Hodson's brother, and Sir Basil Goulding, a double Blue at Oxford, and now Ireland's leading squash player, also contributed to the party spirit. Sir George Mahon, seen having supper with Lord Meath's niece, owns Castlegar, in County Galway, but mostly lives in Dublin. He has an important position in the banking firm of Guinness, Mahon. Mrs. Hales-Pakenham-Mahon, over from Strokestown Park, in County Longford, is a kinswoman of Lord Longford. Miss Ethel Jameson and Miss Hill-Dillon (a daughter of Colonel S. S. Hill-Dillon, Steward of the Irish Turf Club), both hunt with the Meath, of which famous pack Lord HolmPatrick is an ex-Joint-Master. Miss Patricia O'Mahony's father, The O'Mahony, is T.D. (Anglice M.P.) for Wicklow

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



PORTRAIT OF A POR-
TRAIT: JOHN GARRICK,
IRENE EISINGER,
ARTHUR MARGETSON.
(LEFT) NORA SWINBURNE

THE time may come when, at the close of a successful first night, the cry will be for "Designer! Designer!" Mr. Rex Whistler will make his shy bow (unless it be Miss Gladys Calthrop doing a self-reliant curtsy) and will say how very, very glad he is that the pleasant people in front seem to have liked his scenery; how honoured he is that Mr. Laurence Housman should have written a play for it; how great is his fortune in having Miss Pamela Stanley and the rest inside his costumes; and how that Mr. Gilbert Miller has spared neither trouble nor expense over the best paint and material. At least half a dozen remarkably good artists are designing for the London theatre. Never has its standard for sets and costumes been so high; and what is more, never have audiences been so willing to welcome excellent colour and design.

It is particularly so with musical shows. The chief hero of *The Laughing Cavalier* is Mr. Aubrey Hammond: at the Adelphi they applaud all his backgrounds in turn. The approval grows louder with each change of scene, and lasts a full minute for his seventeenth-century Guildhall in a small Dutch town (where the burghers' *vrouws* look finer than fine ladies at the Versailles of Louis XIV., and the mercenary soldiers are resplendent as courtiers in Charles II.'s Palace of Whitehall).

Well, Mr. Hammond has a first-class subject and a fine day for it. This resplendent piece sets out to explain just why Franz Hals, when painting his *Laughing Cavalier*, did a problem picture by giving the horseless cavalier an ironical expression which is anything you like except laughter. The usual fade-out is from the Wallace Collection, featuring the

The Chanting Cavalier

Hals portrait, to Holland on a sunny morn in 1624, featuring Hals's studio as a vast, airy place which most of Haarlem is apt to invade at any moment for song and dance. Mr. Hammond has done Hals and himself proud with grand arches, superb chimney-piece, and mullioned, very high windows. It is a workshop for a Duce among artists; although the painter paints in it for no longer than five minutes, as against the fifteen for musical hits by burghers, lusty soldiers and lustier *vrouws*, and another fifteen for duet and badinage between Hals's young wife and the Chanting Cavalier.

Mr. Hammond's next is an alluring street-scene, beautifully lighted in soft pinks and blues, and animated by displays of lingerie, pursuit by licentious soldiery and insistence on capture by still more licentious *vrouws*. Then, a fine interior of an inn, with burghers and burgomaster so finely grouped that (given the signature of a Dutch or Flemish master) they would fetch thousands at Christie's. Yet (the Council of Burghers having resolved itself into a Non-Intervention Committee in relation to their wives and the soldiers) the same sepia background serves as effectively for a coloured orgy that would recall the film of *La Kermesse Héroïque* if only there were less giggling behind the bedroom doors, and an adventure in sentimental gallantry that might belong to the *Trois Mousquetaires*, operatic version, if only the music were on that level.

Mr. Aubrey Hammond continues to

gather applause with a dear little, delicately done room for Lysbeth Hals and her spinet, *à la* Van Eyck. It is here that the Cavalier discovers her to be not, as he had thought, the artist's daughter, but his wife. For some reason related to musical comedy, this officer of mercenaries would have been perfectly willing to seduce the girl as a maiden, but since she is a matron he cannot do such because he respects her and the married state too much. So That Night, at the grand Guild hall party given to all concerned

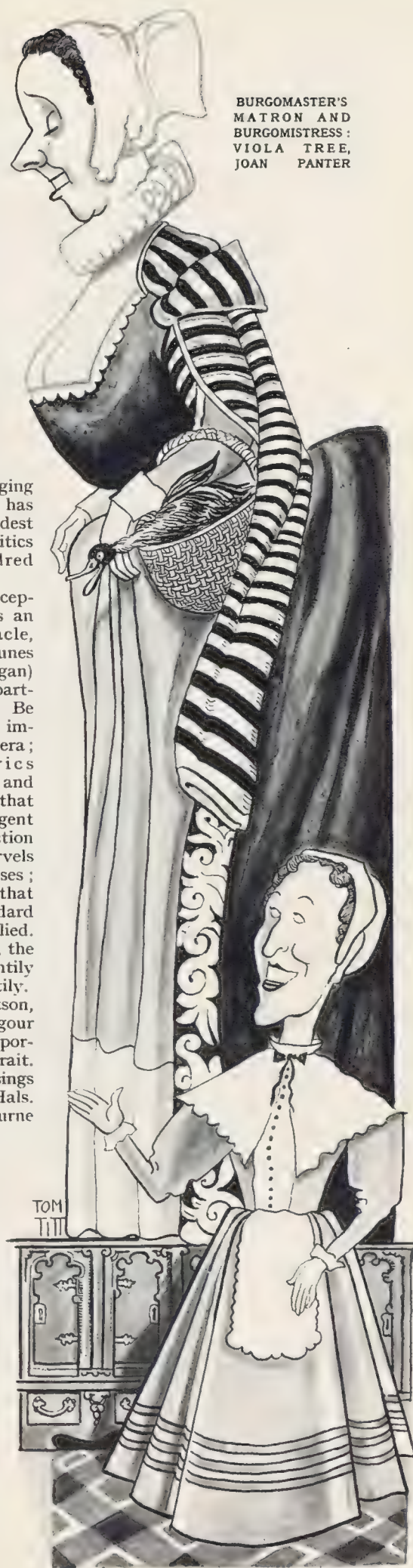
by a rich lady who has followed the Cavalier to Haarlem from Florence, he sets out to disillusion the frivolous little thing; and heartache mingles with the revelry, the drunken doings and the lovely and luscious scenery. Haarlem, despite its night of seemingly wholesale adultery, is up at dawn for further invasion of the painter's studio, where Franz Hals has worked all night to finish his portrait of the Laughing Cavalier — without

benefit of sitter or model! The Cavalier having ridden away, poor Lysbeth is left with no more than a beautiful picture in a beautiful golden frame (not to mention the several sons which, in fact, Vrouw Hals had borne her Franz by 1624). But what a picture! "I'm a fine fellow, but I don't understand" is said to be the artist's interpretation of the half-smile that won't come off, the ironic or disdainful or sad or challenging expression that has provoked the oldest and youngest art-critics for three hundred years.

Beyond its exceptional *décor*, this is an attractive spectacle, with nice, easy tunes (Wainwright Morgan) and one first-class part-song ("He Will Be Shot") that would improve any comic opera; book and lyrics (Reginald Arkell and Stafford Byrne) that have their pungent moments; production that works marvels with bright masses; and performance that improves the standard of the material supplied. Miss Irene Eisinger, the Lysbeth, acts daintily and trills very prettily. Mr. Arthur Margetson, as Cavalier, gives vigour and gusto to his portrait of a portrait. Mr. John Garrick sings well as Franz Hals. Miss Nora Swinburne looks luscious and makes a good deal out of little. Since the first night, they have improved the comic chances for Mr. Charles Heslop, whose burgomaster is droll and remarkably active; and they should now do as much for Miss Viola Tree, that able comedienne. Miss Joan Panter is an adequate soubrette. The team of Dutch dancers are all very rhythmic and acrobatic.



DUTCH BURGOMASTER WITH CHEESE: CHARLES, HESLOP



BURGOMASTER'S MATRON AND BURGOMISTRESS: VIOLA TREE, JOAN PANTER

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—The "Optimists" threw a truly royal supper-party last Wednesday to celebrate Robert Trebor's new and extremely decorative red cravat! Though it is as red as red, it has nothing to do with the sickle and the 'ammer dear to the Communists, although there were a couple of Front Populaire Ministers present. To be made "Commander of the Order of the Legion of Honour" at Bob's age is something to write home about, but, being a modest lad, he merely does the wearing and leaves the writing to his pals. The party was held at Bagatelle, the night club *en vogue*, and quite a few of the Ritz crowd stubbed their toes and bruised their noses at the closed doors that evening, and were highly indignant to find that they could neither pay nor gate-crash their way in. Had this party happened in London, the camera-men would have been working overtime; over here, however, we are camera-shy and do not care to see ourselves reproduced more or less—usually less—flatteringly in even the shiniest of what Rose Macaulay slightly calls "the shiny-paper" monthlies.

This was, perhaps, a pity, for quite a few amusing things happened. I would have liked to have sent you a flash-shot of Henry Bernstein taking to the dancing-floor before anyone else, with "Jacquot" Delubac swooningly festooned over his arm, while Sacha Guitry, who does not dance, stared in vexed astonishment. Henry was in a particularly diabolical mood that evening. When he arrived, he looked down the list of guests and at the table-plan and, not liking the place allotted to him, calmly removed the name-card of a political personage who was to have sat by Jacqueline Delubac-Guitry and substituted his own. Excursions and alarms! But when Raymond Latour arrived, he very nicely went off to another table without making a fuss, and several anxious Optimists breathed more freely.

The "Optis" object to speech-making, and on this occasion—except for the inevitable "few words" from M. Jean Zay—that particularly odious form of after-meal entertainment was banned. Instead, there was an amusing sing-song arranged by Sacha Guitry. Marguerite Moreno, Jeanne Aubert, Mireille, Arletty, Gaby Morlay and Pauline Carton got up on their hind-legs, from where they were seated at various tables, and each sang a verse, while the rest of us joined in the chorus. The verses were, of course, in honour of "Bob." Later in the evening the tiny dancing-floor was crowded. All the théâtre and cinema stars were there. Maurice Chevalier danced with Pat Patterson, Charles Boyer with Nita Raya, before setting-to-partners for the rest of the dancing night.

There were Meg Lemonnier and her husband, and Mireille, who has just been married to Berl, who has chucked the editorship of *Marianne* for free-lance work. Our *vedettes* have gone all conjugal lately. There were Sheila Allard, an English newcomer to Paris, who will be seen in the next revue at the Casino; Spinelly, who came on from her first night at the A.B.C., where she had a triumph in Rip's tabloid revue, *L'A.B.C. du Métier*. She was wearing her gorgeous emeralds and one of those swathed, multi-coloured, horizontal-striped nigger frocks that only very perfect and slim-figured women can wear. Jeanne Aubert was all in



A NEWCOMER TO THE FRENCH SCREEN:
JACQUELINE PRÉVOT

Jacqueline Prévoy is a recent arrival in French films. She made a great hit in a small part in Maurice Chevalier's latest film, "*Avec le Sourire*," and a great future is predicted for her.



AT THE TRIANON: NORMAN HARTNELL
AND ALICE DELYSIA

They were snapped recently arriving at the Trianon for supper. It is too long since we heard Alice Delysia give us her wit and humour; one well remembers her charming musical indiscretions in the great days of revue which were during the unpleasantness in Flanders and elsewhere

black and wore no jewels at all. Werry distinguished, as usual. Mireille Perrey, who has been spanked nightly in *La Fessée* at the Théâtre de Paris during the past ten months, danced every dance, but took her supper standing up. Arletty, who has a way of letting her private life be influenced by the rôles she plays, was wearing a gigolette frock of black satin with an enormous heart embroidered in red sequins over the front of the bodice. She has been appearing in Bourdet's *Fric Frac*, a comedy of the Parisian underworld, for nearly a year, and has quite forgotten how to speak any other language than the jargon of Belleville.

Albert Willemetz, part-author of the *Trois Valses*, which has netted over three million francs for Yvonne Printemps since last spring, was at Sacha's table. He is the only "mutual friend" that the famous divorcees have kept, and this proves what we all guessed: that he is a wonderful diplomat. It is thanks to his diplomacy that it did not come to pistols-for-two-and-coffin-for-one when a distinguished critic, Pierre Brisson, and a touchy actor-dramatist, Sacha Guitry, fell out a few weeks ago. The critic was not very kind about Sacha's *Quadrille* in *Le Figaro*; a few days later, therefore, Sacha's manager saw to it that *Quadrille* was advertised, in the same paper, with excerpts from a very flattering article by Paul Reboux. Next morning, Pierre Brisson, who has a great deal to say in the running of the *Figaro*, had the *Quadrille* advertisement put in again, all gratis-and-free-fer-nuffink, but in the next column was another advertisement—set up in the same type—in which Paul Reboux, who is the Marcel Boulestin of Paris as well as dramatic critic to the *Petit Parisien*, lauded the excellence of—a certain brand of macaroni!

The reverse of sweet, at times, are the uses of advertisement, Très Cher!

PRISCILLA.

GUY FAWKES NIGHT AT THE WHITE CITY



MR. G. A. MURRAY AND
THE HON. MRS. L. M. GIBBS



MISS DAPHNE LAURIE, LADY JELlicoe
AND PRINCE FRIEDRICH OF PRUSSIA



MRS. JOHN HANBURY-WILLIAMS
AND DR. R. G. ARIAS



LORD HARCOURT AND
LADY ELISABETH OLDFIELD



MISS MERVYN BARTON, MR. LEONARD
CRAWLEY AND HIS SONS



MR. "BILLY" WESSEL
AND LADY MAINWARING



COLONEL L. M. GIBBS AND LADY HELEN SMITH WERE
IN LORD HARCOURT'S PARTY



MRS. GEOFFREY CHARLES WITH COMMANDER A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
AND HIS DAUGHTER, ELIZABETH

"I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason ever should be forgot. For it was Guy Fawkes' intent to blow up the King and the Parliament, 'Oller, boys, 'Oller! 'Urroar!" The old cries are dying out; the mixed origin of Guy Fawkes day—in the religious-political plot of James I.'s reign and the autumnal fires of primitive paganism—is well-nigh forgotten. But fireworks still persist and here are some of those who went to see them at the White City. Prince Friedrich of Prussia, a grandson of the ex-Kaiser, was dining with Lady Jellicoe, widow of the great C.-in-C. of the Grand Fleet during the war. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams is the former Princess Cantacuzene, her companion is the Commercial Attaché at the Argentine Embassy. Mr. Leonard Crawley, a Blue of 1923-24-25, played cricket for Harrow, Cambridge, Worcestershire and Essex, and is also a winner of the English Native Amateur Golf Championship, his companion in the picture is Miss Pam Barton's sister. Colonel L. M. Gibbs has been A.A.G. at the War-House since 1934; he married Lord Farnham's eldest daughter

THE SUFFOLK HUNT BALL



THE HON. VALERIE MANSFIELD
AND LORD PARKER



LORD SANDHURST, MR. JOHN BARRAT,
LADY SANDHURST AND MISS MARY
BOUGHEY



MISS DORIS BALDER
AND LORD JELlicoe.

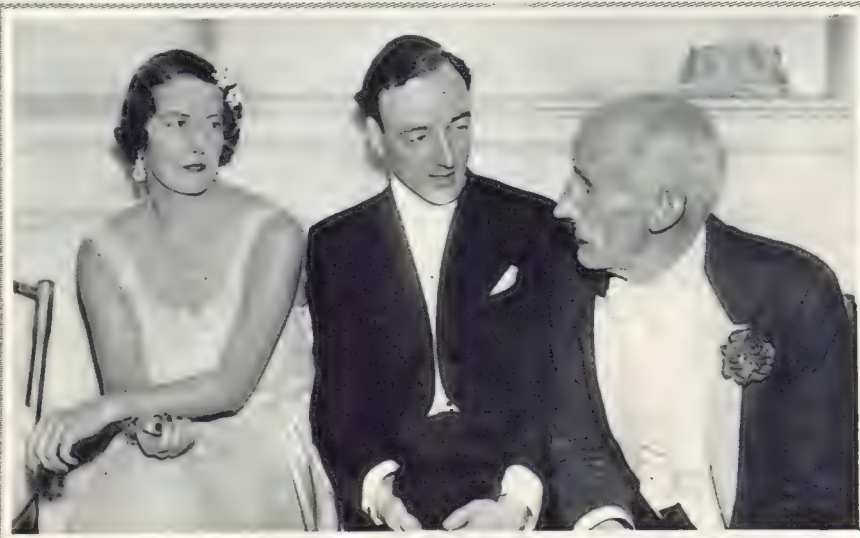


MISS D. STARKIE AND MR. M. HAMBRO



Photos.: Swanbe

MR. JOHN DE LÁSZLÓ AND
MISS NOREEN PONSONBY



MR. AND MRS. CUNLIFFE-FRASER AND LT.-COL. ROYCE TOMKIN

(ABOVE)
COL. E. H. HAMBRO,
THE MASTER, AND
HIS NIECE, PATRICIA

At the Suffolk Hunt Ball there was a distinct atmosphere of wedding bells mingling with the hearty hunting noises and hound language customary to these occasions, and included here are some who are actually facing up to the altar rails, some who have jumped them quite recently and some who . . . However, Lord and Lady Sandhurst's daughter, the Hon. Valerie Mansfield, is seen with her fiancé, young Lord Parker, Lord Macclesfield's son and heir, and Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe-Fraser, seen talking to one of the Suffolk's Hon. Secs., have just returned from their honeymoon. The Master may be observed holding his niece's (Miss Patricia Hambro's) head straight to the camera. Colonel Hambro has had Peter Farrelly as his huntsman since 1930. When Peter was with the Meynell they used to say that if there was no hope of a hunt he would make one. Lord Jellicoe, son of the great little Admiral, is not a sailor, and Mr. John de László is not a painter like his celebrated father—or, at any rate, not quite like!



WOODLAND TEMPLE

Fred Daniels

And then came the sun in a great stream of light,
Flooding the temple with its golden rays,
And the little priestess, pale and slight,
Lifts up her arms in praise.

In dim quiet aisles of the trees you hear
Deep chords like echoing psalms,
And softly the shadows, grey sisters, draw near,
Bringing peace in their enfolding arms

NAN ELSON-CADWELL

LILIAN HARVEY'S LATEST PICTURE:



LILIAN HARVEY AND HUBERT J. STOWITTS IN AN EXCITING
SIAMESE DANCE

This new film which Lilian Harvey has just finished in Berlin, with Hubert Stowitts as her leading man, is said to tell the true story of the dancer, Fanny Elssler. The latter was a Viennese and, therefore, it is quite in keeping that the *mise en scène* of the film should be placed in that great home of the dance, Vienna, where she flourished. The film was actually made in Berlin by Ufa. The Siamese dance—if we may judge by the three pictures included in this double page—is a bit more exciting and picturesque than real Eastern dances usually are; also very considerably more graceful. If dances from somewhere east of Suez were produced on the stage and the screen as they actually are, it is very doubtful whether anyone would go raving mad about them. They are the reverse of exciting—in fact, very dull, sedate, and often very boring. The supposedly naughty Indian nautch is peculiarly tiresome

LILIAN

"THE DANCER, FANNY ELSSLER"



ANOTHER IMPRESSION OF THE PICTURESQUE DANCE IN
"THE DANCER, FANNY ELSSLER"

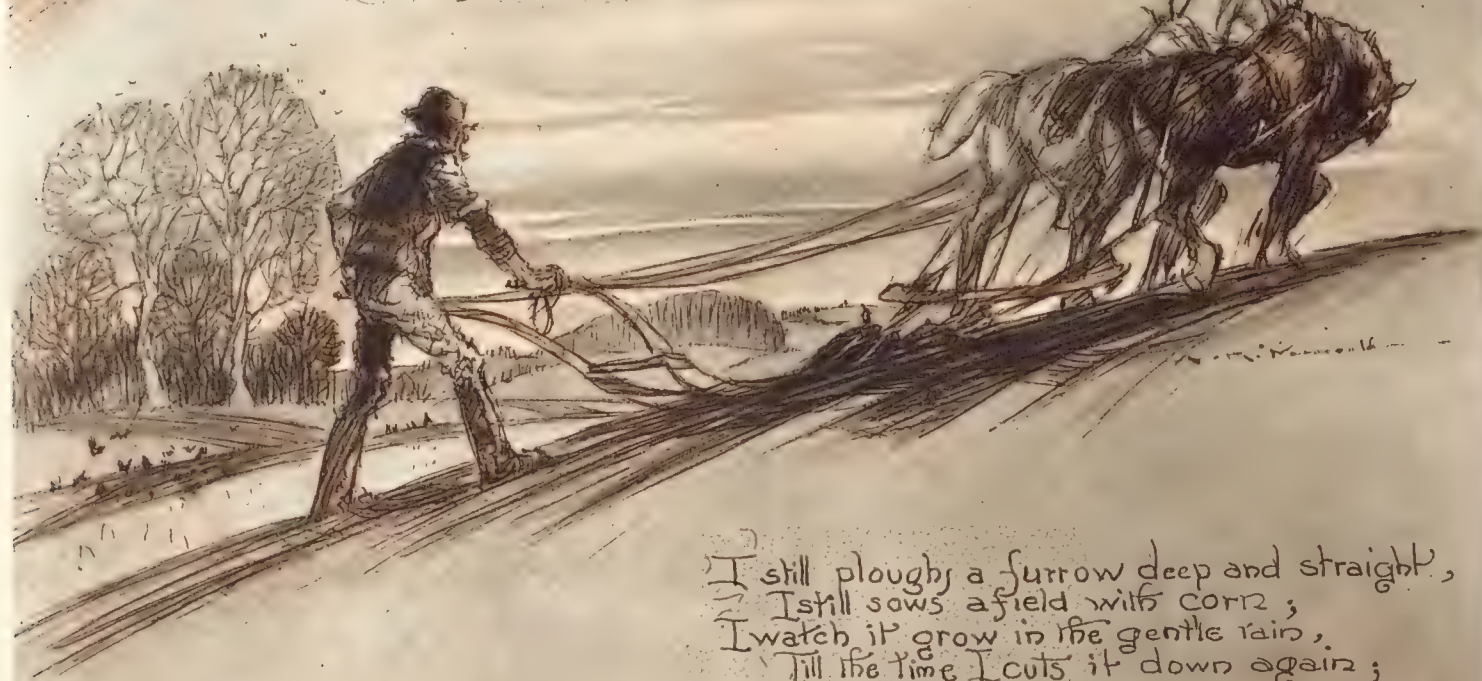
In the two attractive little pictures in the centre of this double page, Lilian Harvey is as she appears in some other scenes in "The Dancer, Fanny Elssler," and if it is permissible to say so, is infinitely more attractive as her own pretty little self than as a queen of the dance in far Siam. Lilian Harvey is a Londoner by birth—Muswell Hill—but from her earliest days has preferred the Continent. She was caught by the war when, with her family, she was visiting relations in Berlin, and they had to stay there. She got her first film chance in Vienna after the war, and the greater part of her work has been done under Austrian and German producers. Dr. Goebbels, Germany's Propaganda Minister, is said to have taken a personal interest in the production of this Fanny Elssler film. Lilian Harvey has tried Hollywood films, but did not particularly like them, and she has bought a 1000-acre farm in Hungary, to which, presumably, she will eventually retire



There's Life in the Old Dog Yet.

I be seventy-eight come Saturday next,
If the good Lords will be set;
I've had my share of "up and down";
I've worn a smile, — I've worn a frown,
But there's life in the old dog yet.


I've worked at dawn with nip in the air,
At noon in the scorching sun;
When the dew descends at falling light —
I've even worked when the moon was bright;
Yet my work is not yet done.



I still ploughs a furrow deep and straight,
I still sows afield with corn;
I watch it grow in the gentle rain,
Till the time I cuts it down again;
All work since I were born!

There's nought like work to keep you young
And to guide you round the bends
Of the road we go — no matter who —
It's the same for me — the same for you —
There's rest when the journey ends.

Edward Murray.



THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

COUNTY BALL



LORD TITCHFIELD, M.F.H. (RUFFORD),
AND MRS. G. H. F. P. VERE-LAURIE



LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK
AND LADY DIANA PERCY



THE HON. PATRICK CHICHESTER
AND LADY TITCHFIELD



COMMANDER AND MRS. RUPERT
ST. V. SHERBROOKE



MRS. A. CRAVEN-SMITH-MILNES
AND MRS. W. R. STARKEY



LORD MORVEN CAVENDISH-BENTINCK
AND THE HON. MRS. BUTTERWICK

Howard Barrett

With the hunting season just budding and two or more well-known packs being within easy hail of the scene of action, it was not surprising that there was a cheerful bit of colour about at the recent Notts County Ball. The senior Master of one of the packs, the famous Old Rufford, who date back to 1667, is seen sitting out with the wife of the Adjutant of the Sherwood Rangers, Mrs. Vere-Laurie. Captain Vere-Laurie is a 9th Lancer, and Lord Titchfield, The Blues (Res.), is also in the regiment. Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, seen talking to Lady Diana Percy, whose sister, Lady Elizabeth, marries Lord Clydesdale on December 2, is one of Lord and Lady Titchfield's daughters, and Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord Titchfield's brother, is seen sitting out with the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, the elder of Lord and Lady Dickinson's daughters. The Hon. Patrick Chichester, who is with Lady Titchfield, is Lord Templemore's son and heir and is in the Coldstream. Captain W. R. Starkey, whose wife is with Mrs. Smith-Milnes, used to be in the R.B., and is the son and heir of Sir John Starkey, of Norwood Park, Notts

Pictures in the Fire



AT MR. DUDLEY JOEL'S SHOOT AT MOULTON PADDOCKS

The guns and guests at this recent shoot in Suffolk. Mr. Dudley Joel is the youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. Solly Joel, who was a great celebrity in the racing world and in more serious worlds also

Included in the group are, besides the host and hostess: Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, Lord Dudley, Mr. Eric Lloyd, Mr. E. K. Hilleary, Mr. and Mrs. Iain Hilleary, Mr. J. E. Ferguson, and Mr. J. A. Millar

SOME more vivid news from the hunting meadow! A picture is headed: "And Was His Face Red? The Gate-Crasher Without That Old School Tie!" Underneath the picture is the following legend:

He'd heard it was rat week. That's why he mistook this fashionable affair for one of those common or garden hunts. He gate-crashed—only to find himself right in the middle of the aristocrats. Painfully aware of his lack of the old school tie, he looks the picture of acute humiliation.



Truman Howell

AT THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNTER TRIALS

Miss Serena Boothby, daughter of Sir Seymour and Lady Boothby, and Mr. H. M. Llewellyn, who rode his father's, Sir David Llewellyn's, Ego when he ran second in the National of 1936 and fourth in this year's race—a fine record!

The pack behaved like thoroughbreds and tried to make him feel at ease. This, the best dog picture of the year, was taken at the meet of the Eridge Hunt at Eridge Castle yesterday.

The picture displays the Eridge hounds with one of the kennel terriers who lives with them. Why people will tread on such dangerous ground bemuses me! Also, the old-school-tie joke has now three legs and a swinger.

In Gilbert Frankau's latest book, "The Dangerous Years," I see that he has not been able to resist the lure of the fox-chase. It would have been so much better if he had put all the people in his story on castors, especially the devastating boulder

who says he is "one hell of a horseman." He is obviously someone who would be far happier if he got inside and pulled down the blinds. He talks of a "jerk of the curb," and is said to have been "in the D.G.s." There is no such regiment. There are several Dragoon Guard regiments, and they are usually referred to either by their numbers or their pet names. The story starts with the *Titanic* disaster of 1912, the details of which have been related a good many times. The heroine's husband, who is one of the drowned, is fifty, and tells us almost at once that his nerve (for hunting) has gone. He cannot have started out with much if it had all trickled out by the heels of his boots by then. We do not hear of his having had any of the kind of bumpers that are apt to make some people too jumpy to take on the jumps. But Gilbert drowns him at once, which I think is rather a pity, for it would have been better if his outsider of a wife had been sent to the bottom. She is a lady who talks of "ten-mile points" without, I am certain, knowing what a "point" really means. Before we get to the really ridiculous part, the fox-hunting, we meet the heroine's sons, who are at Harrow, and are of the kind of little oykes who call their mother "mater," just to show off, and let you know that they have got as far in the study of the Latin tongue as "mensa"—a—an—the table!

However, what interests me most is the arrival of the "one hell of a horseman," and the adventure with some pack, the identity of which is not indicated. The following bits and



AT THE MEN OF THE TREES BALL

The ball, at which the great forester who founded this society of tree-lovers was present, was held at the Garden Club, Mayfair. Above are Miss K. Pincott and Sir E. Denison Ross, who knows all about Oriental languages



AT A GYMKHANA IN LAGOS

The Lagos Polo Club ran this cheery little meeting, and in the picture are Mr. P. H. Moore, who "donated" a case of some well-known whisky for which he is agent, Mrs. Moore and Mr. R. T. Young, who is the Vacuum Oil Agent and a warm supporter of the club

By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT THE MEN OF THE TREES BALL

The distinguished founder of the Men of the Trees Association, Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker, and Mrs. D. McCormick. Mr. St. Barbe Baker is the Chairman of the Forestry Association of Great Britain and naturally our greatest authority

Hounds were still giving tongue, but intermittently, and at the far side of the wood. Most of those who had followed them up the slope were turning back. . . . Hounds were on a hot scent. Hounds had turned [Why not "they," or "the pack," for a change?]; were coming their way again. He heard the hoofs of the huntsman's horse rap logs. [What logs? This is not Flemington steeple-chase course.] Grey's ears and black's were both cocked. From behind the hedge, a whipper-in signalled them to keep back.

And almost before either of them knew the fox had broken, the whipper-in was signalling "Forrard," bellowing "Gone away!"



MORE FROM LAGOS

In the group are Captain E. Nottingham, one of the successful "jockeys" at the Gymkhana, H.E. the Governor, Sir Bernard Bourdillon, who sportingly rode and had a winner, and Mr. T. Farley Smith, who is in the Chief Secretary's office in Nigeria

pieces may cause some people to giggle more than somewhat. We find ourselves at the tryst and "the huntsman was cracking his whip and the crowd had divided to let hounds through." Huntsmen do not do this at the meet! "Ounds, please!" is always enough. The hero thinks there are too many people out, so then we get this—

"Not so bad as Kirby Gate," said Charlotte.

"I never assisted at that function."

"I have — once. But that side of the Quorn country's too far. I like riding to my meets—and home again."

Kirby Gate is only a biscuit-shy from Melton; Gartree Hill, the first draw, a bit farther away, but Melton is considered by many of us to be the hub of the wheel. The hero then says: "Maurice is about six files behind us—the rest nowhere!" The chasse had not then left the road, so why should not "the rest" be nowhere? Then we get going, and I have ventured to interpolate a few stage asides in brackets.

Charlotte's black, Patricia, remembered the ditch on the far side of that first cut-and-laid as well as the woman she carried—and cleared it in easy style. But the grey was only a seven-year-old [Just the right age, I have always believed], corned to the eyes and new to the country. Rupert had to take one good pull before he closed his legs. Even so, they only just got over. [I wonder why he "got over," or believed that he deserved to!]

He was well steamed up by then—ready to break his own neck or anyone else's—Charlotte, Maurice, the whole field forgotten. Four hundred yards ahead rose timber. Hounds were through it. [They never jump it unless it is a gate!] He saw the huntsman and the whipper-in who had given the "Gone away!" steady their horses. Both cleared the post-and-rails. The grey never would. Not at this pace. He gave him the curb, once, twice, and again [What a tinker!]; leaned forward; saw the top rail below his knees; heard it smash behind him; whooped as he galloped on. [He deserved to be put on his back, and the horse apparently hit it in front, so why did the "one hell of a horseman" hear the rail smash behind?] They must



THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM AT KNEPP CASTLE

This famous Sussex pack, of which Col. McKergow was Master for so many years, opened their season with a meet at Sir Merrik Burrell's house, nowadays inhabited by his son. In the group are, left to right: the Rev. E. D. L. Harvey, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell and daughter, Major O. C. H. Riley, the Hon. Sec., Colonel R. W. McKergow, and Mr. Walter Burrell, Sir Merrik Burrell's son and heir

be running mute. They must be running like a railway train [which is not mute]. There went the whipper-in. There went the huntsman. Rupert's dark eyes glanced to the left. Not a soul. The knowledge that he led the field roused all the egoist in him. He was one hell of a horseman. He always had been one hell of a horseman. Even old Tubby knew that, with his "You'll be a loss to the regiment, Whittinghame." [He must have been a dead loss, right from the time when he joined up!]

(Continued on page xvi)



Truman Howell

ANOTHER MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNTER-TRIAL PICTURE Mrs. R. Whitehead, the Hon. Sec., getting ready for the fray, and with her Miss Angela Theophilous. Mrs. Whitehead is a very well-known performer in the Show ring and a winner of many cups. She ran these trials admirably

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A t a christening the baby had been given the names "John Homer Brown," which rather surprised the minister, who knew that the parents were simple people and unlikely to be versed in the classics. As he made the usual entries in the baptismal register, he paused as he came to the second name.

"Your favourite poet, Mr. Brown?" he asked, pointing to the name.

"Poet, sir?" replied the father, in a surprised tone, "I don't know nothin' about poets. I jest keeps pigeons."

The old lady had made the unfortunate young assistant fetch roll after roll of linoleum, until he had displayed everything in the store.

"What did you say it was for, madam?" he asked at last in despair.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" replied the customer brightly. "It's for the bottom of the canary's cage."

It was the custom at the school for a teacher to write on the blackboard any instructions she wished to give the care-taker. One evening on entering a class-room the care-taker saw written up: "Find the greatest common denominator."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Is that darned thing lost again?"

"So you want another day off?" said the office chief to his small office-boy. "I am interested to hear what the excuse is this time. You have been to the funeral of your grandfather four times this year."—"Grandma is getting married again," announced the boy.

The drunk stopped his car in front of a policeman in the small hours of the morning.

"Lock me up, offisher," he said. "I wash speeding."

"Speeding, eh?" said the policeman, with a tolerant smile.

"Thash right," drawled the drunk. "Why, even after I stopped I was going thirty miles an hour."

"You're crazy," said the arm of the law. "How could you be going thirty miles an hour after you stopped the car?"

"It'sh very simple. I got lousy brakesh."

A man from Aberdeen came to London for a short holiday, and at the end of his stay at the hotel he gave the waiter a tip.

"Thank you very much, sir," said the waiter. "And I hope Aberdeen is looking good when you return."

"Losh, mon, hoo d'ye ken that I'm frae Aberdeen?" asked the Scot.

"Oh, I guessed it, sir, from the tooth-marks on the threepenny-bit!"



Houston Rogers

TO APPEAR IN "YES AND NO": DIANA CHURCHILL

"Yes and No" is the comedy by Kenneth Horne which was tried out at the Intimate Theatre, Palmer's Green, some months ago. Diana Churchill then played the part of Jo, and she will be seen in the same rôle when the play comes on at the Ambassadors on the 26th of this month.

Two old darkies were having a heated argument. The cause of the trouble was that each accused the other of marrying a woman who was not quite a full-blooded negress.

"Let me tell you," said Mose, "that mah Lindy am so black dat when she cries Ah saves de tears an' uses dem for ink."

Sam laughed derisively.

"Dat ain't nuff'n at all. Mah Dinah am so black dat ebery time she sneezes de room am sure filled with soot."



LEAD AND PRODUCER OF "THE SILENT KNIGHT": DIANA WYNYARD AND GILBERT MILLER

"The Silent Knight" opened last night, November 16th, at the St. James's. Diana Wynyard plays Lelia Duca, an Italian lady of the fifteenth century, and Gilbert Miller is responsible for the production. Star and producer are seen going over the script at a rehearsal just before the opening.

Here is a true and amusing story told by one of the performers in an amateur performance of *Macbeth*: During the summer, one of the local amateur dramatic societies gave an outdoor production of *Macbeth*, engaging for the title-rôle a professional who, it is to be admitted, did not let us forget the fact! Being a military town, we had for the necessary scenes a number of soldiers and three horses. On the second evening, owing possibly to the excitement of the occasion, one of the horses regrettably misbehaved itself, and there was terrific consternation in the wings as to what was to be done about it. Eventually one of the soldiers, with commendable valiance, made a solo entry, furnished with the requisite pail and spade! He was rewarded with good-humoured and certainly deserved applause. The scene was set. Down the centre steps came "Macbeth"—not a little conscious of his self-importance and professional ability. The audience, quiet now, expectantly waited. He advanced: "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly!" He could not have chosen a more unfortunate line. Whereas before the audience had restrained their mirth—this time they did not!

Give Beauty this Christmas



★ Left: Black enamel compact smartly patterned in gilt squares with jewelled clasp, with a lipstick to match. Compact for powder only, 18/6; double with rouge, 21/-, Lipstick only, 10/6.



★ Right: Attaché Case Beauty Box in fine calf, fitted with essential préparations and make-up necessities. In black or brown, 4 gns.



★ Left: Miss Arden's most beautiful new pink satin Blue Grass Box. It contains as well as her Blue Grass Perfume, a sequence of Blue Grass preparations—Eau de Toilette, Dusting Powder, Bath Salts, Soap, Sachets and Japonica Face Powder. The Box complete is 8 guineas.

★ Three examples from Miss Arden's Christmas Gift Booklet. Send for it to-day and see the rest of her gift suggestions: beauty boxes, perfumes, bath luxuries, and her gay Christmas cracker with its hidden treasure, the famous "Looking Glass Lipstick." An unusual, but charming, idea for favours at your Christmas party!

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AND LORD SACKVILLE



AT THE TRIANON:
LADY CECIL DOUGLAS



LORD CARISBROOKE AND
MISS MARY ELLIS



COMMANDER HUGH LONGDEN
AND LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

Some random shots with the camera at various centres of life and amusement for those of nocturnal habits. Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow were at the Ritz, where her magnificent diamond necklace was much admired. Elsie Randolph has recently returned from a very successful season on the New York stage. Lord Westmorland was with his elder sister, Lady Enid Turnor; he is not hunting this season, to the great regret of the Beaufort country, has sold his horses and is going abroad. Mrs. Frederick Sigrist is the wife of the keen yachtsman who assisted Mr. Sopwith so whole-heartedly in his attempt on the "America's" Cup; he owns "Viva," the motor-yacht which towed "Endeavour I." Lord Sackville is the owner of famous Knoles, near Sevenoaks. Lord Carisbrooke is the eldest son of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg and a grandson of Queen Victoria; Lady Iris Mountbatten is his débutante daughter



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AN OBSESSION

By

ROBERT WESTERBY

WELL, so poor Chuck Morris is dead. He wasn't so old, and he died very sudden, which is the way most men of his sort die. And the papers have given him a fair amount of space, too, and several of to-day's hot-shots have made a statement or two about him. "Poor old Chuck," they say, "the greatest middle-weight of his age, the Iron Man who never had a beating"—all the old stuff resurrected for the dead.

Well, I've been keeping quiet about something for fifteen years, and now there doesn't seem to be the need for it any longer. And old Chuck wouldn't mind, anyway. In fact, he wouldn't have minded me talking when the thing happened, so far as that goes. It was Levy who made me keep my mouth shut, and no one could blame him. So here it is.

This thing happened, as I said, more than fifteen years ago, but I can remember every detail of it as plain as if it was last week. I was Press agent to Chuck, and I had gone with him and Levy, who was his manager, on a vaudeville tour. It was just after Chuck had licked Bennett, the negro, and he was headline-stuff all over the country. He was a fine man, too, in those days, old Chuck was. Tall and deep-chested, with shoulders on him like a heavy-weight. And in the ring he was like a dancer, smooth and beautiful, never an inch wrong with either foot. There never was a fighter looked better than Chuck, and anyone that saw him will tell you the same. He was fast and he could box, and could do what most boxers can't do, and that is, hit. At the long-range stuff he was like a panther, and in close he could sock with both hands, and he could sock something terrible, and he could take it. He had had eighty-three fights and had won the lot, sixty-seven of them by the K.O. He had just everything, and was the finest thing you ever saw.

Well, we were on this vaudeville tour, the way I said, and we were going around a circuit in the Middle West, and the whole way it was a triumph. Everybody was crazy to see Chuck, on account of his having licked this nigger Bennett, because Bennett had been puffed up as a Black Hope—that sort of stuff. And my job was too easy. No one ever had to puff Chuck, anyhow. Just the fact that he was in town made these Middle Westerners shout their heads off, and the whole time it was a riot.

He used to go into the ring and do six rounds every night, two rounds each with three local boys. Of course, Levy had to watch out no one tried any funny business and hurt



Then, and it happened all at once, they mixed it like a couple of crazy gorillas, and we saw Chuck spin round and go down.

Chuck when he wasn't ready for it, but that job was easy, too. They could have put a leopard into the ring with that boy and nobody need to have worried—nobody, that is, except the leopard.

Well, one night we gave a show at a small town in Michigan, and it went over big, the way it usually did. And everybody gave Chuck the big hand, and in the end he made a speech, the way he did often when it was a good show. And during the speech a man in the front part of the house stood up and shouted out that he thought Chuck was just a big bluff, and that there weren't any good middle-weights any more. And everybody laughed like hell, and old Chuck did, too. And then he said: "Guess you may be right, mister. But you can't blame me for trying to make a living if I weigh right, can you?" And then everybody cheered quite a lot, and this man went out without saying any more. But he looked sore as a boil.

Well, it was around eleven the next morning when we pulled out of the town to move on, and we were all feeling pretty good, especially Levy. Chuck had only one more appearance to make, and then he was going to take a rest, and Levy had cleaned up a small fortune already, and not such a very small one at that. So you see.


(Continued on page 318.)

Overhead Expenditure

In case you find difficulty in reconciling the mercenary attitude of your bank manager with your love of luxury, gather round for this helpful hint. One can revel in sheer, reckless stocking extravagance for a revelling charge of anything between 3/11 and 6/11. Simply ask rather firmly for Bear Brand Supreme sheer ringless stockings.

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AN OBSESSION—(Continued from page 316)

We were using a big Packard for that trip, partly because Chuck was crazy about motors anyway, and partly because it was easier and cheaper, and we didn't have to worry about making trains on schedule. And this fine morning I'm telling you about we went rolling along the highway across the plain all feeling pretty good. And then, about thirty miles out of town the car gave a cough and died on us. "Gas," Levy said, and swore. "Thought you had her filled up," he said to me. And I said I had filled her up myself. "Must be a leak some place," Chuck said, and we all got down to look. But there was no leak and the tank was dry.

"Well, anyway, we'll soon get some gas along this road," Levy said. "Sure to be someone about we can stop."

And in two minutes, damn me, if an old flivver sedan didn't come rumbling up behind us. And as soon as it got



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' SQUASH RACKETS TEAM

This team beat Oxford University, and when later they met Cambridge the score was in favour of Cambridge by 4-1. The names in the above group are (l. to r.): H. de Chasseiron, D. J. Burnett (the Army Champion, 1935), R. F. Savage, and J. G. Cowley

near we began waving our arms about, and then it stopped. A man got out of the flivver, a fairly short man, but very tough. He wasn't young, either, and his face was badly marked. And as soon as we saw him we all of us knew he had been a fighter. He looked as if he had been hit plenty of times. He was dressed in blue jeans and a white shirt, this man, and his face and arms were very burned by the sun. And he came up to us unsmiling, his eyes on Chuck. "Remember me?" he said.

Chuck grinned and shook his head. "No, sir," he said.

"Well, I'm the feller that bawled you out last night when you was putting on your fancy act at the theatre. Remember now?"

Chuck nodded his head. "Yes, I remember," he said.

The man laughed in a sour sort of way. "Well, and I was right, or wasn't I?" he said. "I mean, about there being no middle-weights to-day?"

And when he said that Chuck stopped grinning. "I don't know, and don't care, anyway," he said. "All I want right now is to buy some gas from you. You got any to sell?"

The man grinned. "No," he said. "But I got some to give away."

"What d'you mean?" Chuck asked him.

"What I said," the man said. "You can have the gas if you can give me a beating."

And Levy laughed out loud. "Are you crazy?" he said. "This is Chuck Morris, and—"

"I know, I know," the man said. "But I still say he can't lick me. God damn it, what the hell do I care he's Chuck Morris?"

"Who are you, anyway?" I put in. "You a fighter, too?"

The man didn't look at me, or at Levy. He just kept his eyes on Chuck the whole time. "Never mind that," he said. "I'm a middle-weight, anyway, or was. And

I'd a been champion of the world, too. And I came out of the game for a reason that's none of your God-damned business, anyhow! They framed me and kicked me out, that's all."

Chuck looked puzzled. "What's that got to do with me?" he asked. And the man scowled at him. "I been wanting to see you a long time," he said, "just to prove something, see? I once saved my dough and went east to see you fight. But I couldn't get anywhere near you then—and now I have. And I took the gas out of your tank this morning."

Levy got mad then. "Oh, is that so?" he said. "You thieving hick!" But the man turned and looked at him, and he shut up, because it was that sort of a look.

"I've got the gas in my car there," the man said, "if Chuck Morris here is man enough to go and get it. But he's got to lick me first."

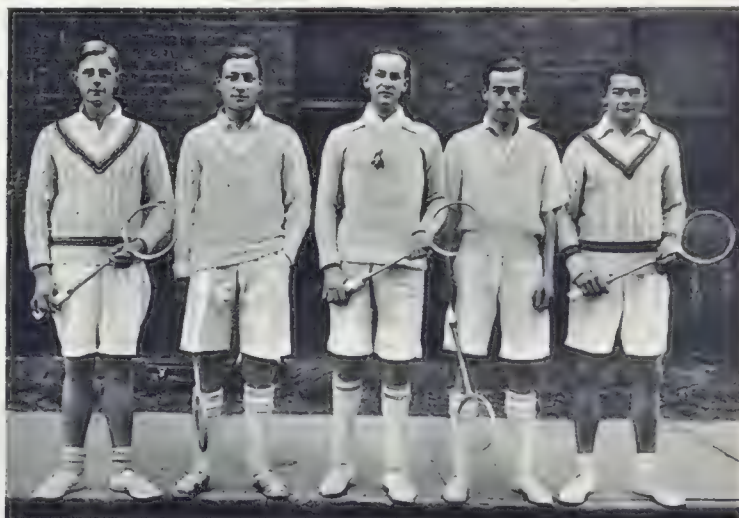
Chuck looked at Levy and Levy looked at me. "Well, how about it?" the man said. "Or are you yellow?"

And that did it. Chuck just took off his coat and went over to the side of the road. The sun was high, the road was empty, and there wasn't anybody in sight any way you looked.

"Well, all right, wise man," Levy said. "Go in and get it."

I could see he didn't like the idea—Levy, I mean—but what could he do, seeing the mood Chuck had gotten into? But anyway, this man in the blue jeans came across and squared up to Chuck, and he was grinning a little. "All right, let's get going, kid," he said quietly. "And we'll see who's the best middle-weight in the world, by God!"

Chuck laughed at him and weaved in, and before you could blink the short man was on the ground with blood on his lips. But he didn't seem to mind that, and he got up after a few seconds and came in again. But although he was shorter than Chuck, and not very young, he was no push-over, and he got in close and rapped Chuck over the eye. And Levy swore, and tried to stop it, but Chuck was warmed up and sore, and told him to get to hell out of it and stand clear.



Photos: Stuart

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SQUASH TEAM

Cambridge are due to meet Oxford at the Bath Club on December 14. Cambridge won last year by five matches to nil. The names in the above group are (l. to r.) R. S. Rennie (Worksop and St. Catherine's), N. F. Borrett (Framlingham and Pembroke), M. B. Baring (Eton and Magdalene; Captain), E. Halliday (Hymer's Hill and St. John's), P. Sherrard (Stowe and Magdalene). Baring, Borrett and Halliday are Old Blues

So there they were, just off the highway. The middle-weight champion of the world and an ex-pug farmer, fighting bare-handed. And I don't care what fights you've seen, you've never seen one like this was. Chuck must've sent this man on his back twenty times, and every time he came up again. And then I saw what he was aiming to do. Chuck was a fighter, and he was used to three-minute rounds and a rest, and this guy wasn't letting him have any rest. And when they had been at it for over ten minutes solid, Chuck began to slow up. "Had enough?" he said, breathing very hard the next time the little man went down. But the man just grinned and got up and said: "Naw. Ain't started yet, mister." And he came on again.

(Continued on page xxii)

*Oh, Mr. Mercury,
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A TRAMPS' PARTY AT SYWELL AERODROME

Above are some of the ingredients of a very cheery party at this Northamptonshire aerodrome, and those in the above picture are: Miss M. Woods, Mr. R. G. Lewin, Mr. G. Bull, Miss Montgomery, Miss A. McLaren and Miss M. Evans

Airways Arguments.

NOT since the Farr-Louis fight has there been a more exhilarating exhibition of biffing and bashing than the contest now proceeding between Imperial Airways, Ltd., and the British Air Line Pilots' Association. Much good came out of the one, so let us hope that much good will also come out of the other. And I think it will. We are now in about round five and the combatants are fairly evenly matched, with Mr. Woods Humphery giving as good as he gets from Mr. Robert Perkins, but with Mr. Perkins coming up again and again with great gallantry. I suppose it is natural that I should always find myself on these occasions leaning towards the pilots, for it is as a pilot that a large part of my work in aviation has been done. But I strive to see the other side, and I am appreciative of the remarkably fine achievements of Imperial Airways. So in this case I am not going to take sides; I am going to follow the dignified and eminently skin-saving policy of the more ponderous leader-writers and to balance up the opposing views with such scrupulous care that everybody will go away satisfied that both sides are in the right . . . or wrong.

As I see it, the thing comes down to this: that the Pilots' Association has certain criticisms to make of the part of Imperial Airways' work that immediately concerns pilots, whether members of the Association or not. It thinks that Imperial Airways' machines are incompletely equipped and that some of its machines are obsolete. It wanted to put these views before the administration, but it was denied the opportunity. Then some of its members were dismissed from the company. At that the fight was on. The Association said that the dismissals were the company's reply to the Association's activities. Imperial Airways answered that there had been no dismissals, but that certain pilots' contracts had been terminated (an unworthy distinction, this) "for various reasons." Collective bargaining was admitted, but—if I read Mr. Woods Humphery's statement aright—no collective bargaining by the Association but only by the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire. The absence of modern types of landplane from the company's fleet was explained on the grounds that the manufacturers had failed to deliver new machines to time.

The Power and the Glory.

Now it is recognised that the success of Imperial Airways has been built up upon the excellence of its pilots more than upon any other single thing. The company has now achieved a position of pre-eminence with a great deal more power than anybody ever thought it would have when it

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

first came into existence. In fact, it may attain to a full monopoly of British commercial aviation in the course of time. The danger seems to be that, having attained this power, it should think that it can knock away the ladder up which it has climbed—the ladder formed by skilful and experienced pilots. About those dismissals—or shall we say those contractual conclusions?—I am unhappy. I do not like them. But on the other side I simply cannot see the force of the Association's criticisms of the company on the grounds that some of its landplanes are obsolete. Imperial Airways is the last organisation in the world to deserve criticism on that basis.

Look back on what has happened in the past, remembering always that Imperial Airways must order British machines. Twice it has shown courage in ordering fleets of machines and in laying out

sums of money without the preliminary testing of a prototype. For years, in fact, it has been doing what the Royal Air Force now—at a moment of emergency expansion—takes upon itself great credit for doing: ordering straight from the drawing-board. This courageous ordering has saved the company twice; first when the Handley-Page 42's came into service and set new standards of air comfort; and second, when the Short Empire flying-boats came into service and set new standards of marine aircraft performance. In praising those landplanes and those seaplanes, we must not forget that their realisation was made possible not by the manufacturers, nor by the

(Continued on page xx.)



ROUND THE BARREL-ORGAN AT SYWELL

Mr. S. P. Tyzack, seen holding the chain of "da monk," is one of the original members of the club, and he it was who brought the barrel-organ



Photos.: Holloway

MORE OF THE "TRAMPS" AT SYWELL

Flying does not seem to have much connection with tramps, although one remembers that in the early days of the war those who flew the old "rumpties"—the Farman biplanes—were often accused of "furious loitering without visible means of support." In this picture are seen Mr. A. S. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Connolly and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bayes

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A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER,

MAJOR-GENERAL BASIL HILL, the President of the Rugby Union, is taking his duties very seriously and doing his utmost to raise the standard of play from the point of view of cleanliness and fairness. He deserves all the support he can get, and it is pleasant to see that some referees, at any rate, are doing their best to check the tendency to unfairness which has crept into the game of late years. The President, it was interesting to note, paid a visit the other day to Lydney, one of the oldest clubs in England, and had a good deal to

a police court, where a fine would not have met the crime. To such miscreants no mercy should be shown, but, alas! they have too often been allowed to escape scot-free. But there is no need to inflict a savage penalty for what is not a savage offence, and, if his fellow referees will only support him, Surgeon Lieut.-Com. Corbett's action may be productive of an enormous amount of good.

As the season goes on it is impossible to avoid observing that a good many of the older brigade are inclined to grumble about the number of penalty kicks being awarded. I am afraid they do not always recognise that times have changed somewhat since their day, and that there is not quite such a high standard of honour as there was *consule Planco*. They may rest assured that penalty kicks would not have been introduced at all if they had not been strictly necessary, and that during the last few seasons they have become absolutely essential to the fair conduct of the game. Owing largely to that horrible phrase, "The will to win," and to the spread of that ghastly doctrine that a player should take any risk of breaking the rules in order to save a try, the spirit of the game, so often jeered at by people whom no one would accuse of understanding it, has been overclouded. It is part of the heritage of all good



THE LONDON SCOTTISH XV. v. MANCHESTER

The London Scottish, who are settling down well into their stride for the season, beat Manchester by 14-5 at Richmond recently. The names are, standing: T. J. Innes, Colonel D. Lyall-Grant (Hon. Sec.), I. K. MacKenzie, M. C. Lucas, C. W. Wilton, J. C. Swanton, C. A. Ogilvy, G. A. Reid, J. L. Stuart-Watson, I. M. McKellar, A. Methuen (President London Scottish R.F.C.). Seated: G. B. Horsburgh, D. A. Thom, H. Lind (captain), D. G. I. A. Gordon, A. B. W. Buchanan and R. W. Dunn

say about certain modern habits. He was greatly concerned about the trouble still experienced in getting the ball fairly into the scrummage, a trouble which, it is to be feared, we shall always have with us until referees as a body make up their minds that they will have no more of it.

The President must have been delighted with the referee who, the other day, sent a well-known forward off the field in a game between North Midlands and Notts, Lincs., and Derbyshire, for a repeated breaking of the rules. This was the North Midlands' hooker, and he had been both penalised and seriously warned more than once before incurring the extreme wrath of the referee, so he had no possible complaint to make. The President and all others who have the true interests of the game at heart, must rejoice that one official at least has been found who can take the larger view and who has the courage of his convictions. The referee in this instance was Surgeon Lieut.-Com. L. J. Corbett, initials which will be familiar to many people, though we do not suppose that they relate in any way to our brilliant centre of ten years ago.

It is not very long since another well-known forward received marching orders for a similar offence, and escaped with a comparatively light punishment. The same kind of treatment may be anticipated on this occasion, and quite rightly. This does not seem to be the time for the infliction of a heavy penalty, for although the offender had persistently broken the rules, he had not been guilty of the more flagrant types of offence which were unfortunately prevalent a few years ago. Most of us have seen things done on the football field which could only have been adequately dealt with in



Photos: Stuart

THE MANCHESTER XV. v. LONDON SCOTTISH AT RICHMOND RECENTLY

Manchester travelled all night to get to the game, but the Scotsmen beat them by a goal and three tries to a goal. The Manchester side were, standing: R. S. L. Carr, H. N. Murfin, J. F. S. Walker, D. H. Bell, E. W. Green, A. T. Johnstone. Seated: J. S. Sherlock, T. L. Garge, A. Komrower, T. A. Bell (captain), R. Horne, G. M. Komrower. On ground: T. R. Ellis and D. O. Collinge

Rugby men to see that the honour of the game is kept unsullied.

It was something of a surprise on a recent Saturday evening to hear the familiar tones of C. A. Kershaw describing a match which had been played during the afternoon. You will not be astonished to learn that he performed his task as to the manner born, without the slightest semblance of nervousness, thoroughly calm and efficient. No one could have done it better, and not for the first time I was struck by the complete competence of an amateur in doing a job which seems to cause professionals so much difficulty. When you hear people like P. G. H. Fender or C. A. Kershaw commenting on a game you know that you are listening to sound sense, and you can hear it perfectly. The professional announcers are hardly as successful. I am not referring, of course, to Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, whose running commentaries on Internationals stand entirely alone.

(Continued on page ii)



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JOHN OLIVER

"Restrictionisation."

ORGANISATION was what the Minister of Transport called it. Restriction is what we call it. Mr. Leslie Burgin was holding forth to the assembled commercial motor-transport people at Earl's Court and he told them that commercial road-transport had to come before pleasure road-transport, and that pleasure road-transport might have to be "organised" to make way for the other. Here we have the national masochistic tendency in full blast. How the Englishman loves to hurt himself, to make himself feel thoroughly miserable, to destroy everything that can afford him a gleam of pleasure! The private motor-car gives pleasure to thousands, and if the roads were properly "organised" it could give pleasure to thousands more. But instead of organising the roads, the Minister thinks of nothing but organising the wretched private car-owner. Having created motor transport—for it was the pleasure car that began it all—the private motorist must first be taxed up to the hilt, and then criminalised and finally restricted and allowed to take his car out on a given stretch of road for half-an-hour once a week, or something of that kind.

I have tried very hard indeed to listen sympathetically to successive Ministers of Transport. I have tried to see their difficulties. I have tried to understand their methods. But I am afraid it is no good. They are ranged against the private motorist as his declared enemies. Presumably they receive their instructions from the Cabinet. At any rate, they all go the same way sooner or later—Stanley, Belisha, and now Burgin. To help the strong, they are anxious to hit the weak. To support the railways and the commercial motor industry, they are ready to cramp the private motorist out of existence.

Road or Vehicle?

"But," some people will say when you mention this threat to them, "but what can they do? The traffic is growing too fast for the roads. Congestion is already bad. It is getting worse every day. The Minister cannot leave things as they are. You cannot rebuild London and other large cities. What can they do? Why, only last week when I was driving from London to . . ."; and they fall into one of those interminable reminiscences which lead to nowhere. It is a reflection upon the poverty of the propaganda of the motorists' associations and groups that such words can

be spoken. For there is absolutely no truth whatever in the assertion that the growth of motor-car traffic has caused an inevitable congestion or that the only way to cure that congestion is to restrict the motor-car traffic. It is untrue. If we had a progressive Government, we should now be in the position of being able to urge for a great expansion of private motoring; a move towards the time when every adult will possess his own motor-car.

It sounds horrible to those who are familiar with our present road conditions. But there is nothing horrible in it. For if the roads were available, there is no reason why each person should not own a car and use it for all his journeys. The concentration upon public transport vehicles is, in my view, an admission that there must always be an enormously large "poor" section of the community, an admission which no Government ought to make. For if the money obtained from the taxation of motoring were applied to a really progressive, big, imaginatively conceived road-building scheme, there would be ample room for all. It is because successive Ministries botch and botch and botch instead of building, that congestion comes about.

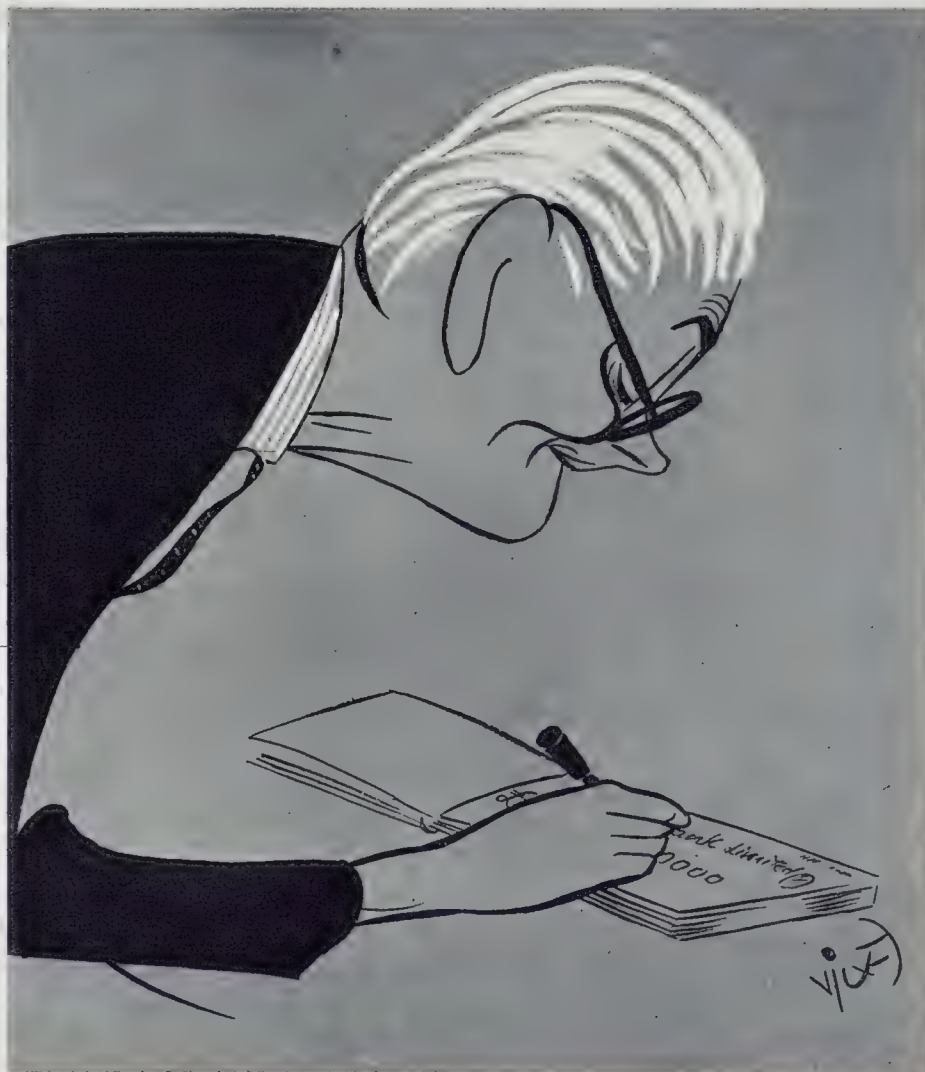
Efficiency.

And remember this too, that efficient roads mean an efficient country—an efficient country for the pursuits of peace, no less than for the pursuits of war. Our present road

system wastes more money in ten years than the total sum that would be needed to set up a new, properly planned, trunk-road system, with overhead ways at the cities. Sufficient overhead ways would abolish congestion on our ordinary streets and would enable them to provide proper passage and parking facilities. The appearance, healthiness, and general amenities of our cities would gain by properly planned overhead highways, and by the substitution of private motor-vehicles for public-service vehicles. There would be an all-round gain in efficiency. Yet the best that our Ministers of Transport can do is to propose the "organisation" of private motor-cars.

And then there is this subversive harping on limiting speeds. People keep on talking about fifty, or sixty, or seventy miles an hour being "enough for anybody." But they are still talking in terms of cart-track roads botched and muddled into something which is neither a cart-track nor a road; but a

(Continued on page xx)



LORD NUFFIELD: A CARICATURE BY "VICKY"

This clever caricature of England's patriotic and generous motor-magnate is the work of "Vicky." This artist is to hold an exhibition of his work at the Lefèvre Galleries, opening on November 24th. "Vicky" is an example of the benefit of taking pains. In contrast to the "modern artist" who dispenses, apparently, with all instruction, Victor Weiss studied oil-painting under two German painters at the age of eight, and at fourteen was supporting his family as political and theatrical cartoonist of the "12 Uhr Blatt" in Berlin. Since 1935 he has been in England and his excellent work has been seen in this paper and in many others



What every woman knows . . .



A MAN WITH big responsibilities needs all the protection from disturbing influences that thoughtful care can give him. His home is run with smooth efficiency. What takes him to and from it? Just a car—or a restful, light and airy "room" that nurses his vitality with soothing quietness. A woman sees the advantage of a Wolseley Limousine—the most luxuriously comfortable and distinguished "25" among modern town

carriages—from the right perspective. Motoring is so much part of life nowadays that it should match (she feels) the comfort of her home. And in lending her influence to the purchase of a Wolseley Limousine she is unobtrusively enlarging the sphere of her constant care.

The Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine costs £750 . . . Super Six Saloons from £380. All Super Sixes are available for "Owner Contact", an efficiency-maintaining service you should enquire about. Wolseley cars are fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackalls.

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WOLSELEY
THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

From the Shires and Provinces—*cont. from p. 288*

have frightened all the foxes at Driffield? The Earl's opening meet took place at Bibury Court, where Sir Orme Clarke refreshed all-comers. A moderate day's sport unfortunately followed.

From the Warwickshire

Things are warming up well now, and the week-enders on Saturday much enjoyed the hunt from Chadshunt. One or two of our leading lights came to grief over some extra-blind fences, but nobody was hurt. It was not too fast, not too straight, and every inch over the most perfect country imaginable. Surely there has not been such a lovely coloured autumn for years, with neither frost nor devastating gale to cut the gradual changes short.

Fog was much in evidence on both Monday and Tuesday, but as a farmer friend remarked when speaking of the Executive: "Fog don't make much difference to they!" and, indeed, it does not seem to do so unless the visibility drops below 50 yards.

Barton House provided the first straight-necked fox of the season, but he showed little inclination to shift till most of the village inhabitants had had a grab at his brush. Then those who had had the patience to outstay the fog were rewarded with a five-mile point across the Vale to Brailes Hill, where he went to ground with the hounds all round him. It was a great pleasure to see once again our popular hosts of Barton House, also to hear better news of their boy, and to enjoy the quiet and complete hospitality always produced for us.

We shall be lucky if we get such a gallop again this season as that which was brought off from Broadwell to Sawbridge on Thursday, and never a single strand of wire throughout. How few of us realise what we owe to Pat and Bobby on that side of the country, or how they work both at the upkeep of foxes and the extermination of wire. What a mess we should be in if the sequence of these events was reversed!

From the Heythrop

On Wednesday, November 3, we met at Bradwell Grove, where Colonel and Mrs. Savage entertained a large field. By the morning's post everybody received the book of rules, just in time to wrap the sandwiches up in, which is the best way to digest them. It was a good day's sport, marred only by several cases of facial injuries, three cases at least having to be stitched up. We were at Moreton-in-Marsh on Guy Fawkes' Day; could this possibly be the reason for seeing a

top-hatted lady riding astride? We were glad to see some of Wednesday's victims out again, but they could not say much about themselves as their lips were sealed. On Monday, November 8, we met at Chapel House, where Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart's refreshment was invaluable to those who had to punch their way over a very hairy bit of country. Our stockbroker was heard to say that "a fall is a h'awful thing." We are uncertain if this referred to the Stock Market or a blind ditch. Incidentally, up till now we have always believed that a fall necessitated leaving the saddle, but this theory has been exploded by the adhesiveness of Miss Gregory; although parted from her horse and with girths broken, she still remained in the saddle; this feat deserves to be as much immortalised as the boy who stood on the burning deck.

From the Grafton

The opening meet of these hounds was put off for a week, I believe owing, originally, to drought! However, with the recent rain we look more like being bogged. We are resuming again under the excellent combined masterships of Lord Hillingdon and Mr. Beale, with the addition of two new whips, first and second. The new first whip comes from Lord Harrington's country and promises to be a great success. This is lucky, as our huntsman, Will Pope, has not fully recovered from his recent operation, and never spares himself. The cubbing season has been a fair one, about 20½ brace of foxes being accounted for. The hardness of the ground in the early stages has interfered somewhat with hunting. Excellent sport was enjoyed on Monday from Preston Capes, our opening fixture. An average field assembled, but not such a crowd as usual: A Church Wood fox gave us a good hunt of 70 minutes with plenty of lepping, and the going first rate. I saw several empty saddles but no serious grief. Such a twisty fox, too! The "one-horse" people had had enough after this grand gallop. We are studying with fear and trepidation the reports on the dreaded "Foot and Mouth," and are in hopes it won't reach the Midlands.

From the York and Ainsty

There was a drizzling rain nearly all day when the South pack met at Foggathorpe on Saturday (6th), but that part of the country always provides some fun, whatever the weather. There wasn't a very big field out, but several Holderness followers threw in their lot with us and must be glad they did so, for after two short gallops in the morning (the foxes getting to ground in both cases) we had a really

(Continued on p. ii)



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This England . . .



The valley of the West Allen, Cumberland

THERE are those among the younger people (indeed there have always been) who like to scoff at tradition. Yet are they among the foremost to profit by its counsels and its guidance. For tradition is in some sort the memory of trials and errors in the past—and without his memory man is not much. Unconscious of this guidance are we most often, because it springs of simple things so interwoven with our daily round that they seem no older than last week's winding of the clocks. Your Worthington is one of these—so old in its manner of making, so new (and so acceptable) to each generation of young men it sustains.



From the Shires and Provinces—*cont. from p. 326*

first-class hunt from Jack's, in which hounds covered at least fourteen miles in about an hour and a half, all over grass and virtually without a check. If one could have taken the two ends of the run and stretched it out straight it would have been historical; as it was, hounds ran in loops and were often over the same ground. Still, from a riding point of view one couldn't better it. Littleworth and his hounds have certainly opened the season in grand style—of the first three days one was quite good and the other two exceptionally good.

On Monday (8th), at Great Ouseburn, the North pack opened their regular season with the new Master, Major L. B. Holliday, hunting hounds himself. It was quite a good—if somewhat local—day in the Kirby and Thorpe Underwood area, with plenty of foxes and a big field out. The daily paper recorded, quite as a matter of course, that a certain fox was "headed by motor cars," and one wonders if present-day motorists who follow hounds all day realise what a nuisance they are. A mounted follower, even if he's a big subscriber, is kept pretty well under the Master's control, and not supposed to go where he would head a fox; and yet we see people in cars, many of whom don't give a bob, cruising about where they like and spoiling hunts, and nothing said.

The Southerners' day at Copmanthorpe (Tuesday, 9th) was disappointing. Foxes in Colton Hagg and Steeton and hounds caught a brace, but very little scent, and a cold wind for the first time this season.

From Lincolnshire

The Blankney had their opening day on November 6, when Commander J. F. Alexander, the new Joint-Master, had at least one hundred followers from Brant Broughton, and sport was confined to some of the best country in the beautiful Vale. Hounds ran extremely well from Cockburn's—once entering Belvoir domains—and it was only the intervention of another fox that robbed them of a kill when scent was, every minute, improving.

On the same day the Burton "kicked off" from Riseholme Hall and hounds were running well most of the day. Their best performance from Hackthorn Gorse lasted ninety minutes, and embraced a four-mile point, but the fox escaped defeat by chancing upon an open earth in the extremity of his distress.

Hard luck on Miss Hawley (Southwold), a cousin of Sir David

Hawley, to be knocked out so early in the season. Both jaws, unfortunately, are fractured.

From the Meynell

Did we all sleep the clock round on Sunday night? If we didn't it certainly wasn't for want of entertainment. Thursday, from Lees Green, was a first-class day's sport, and Mr. Chandos Pole provided us with some excellent foxes at the Rough. Young Stephen Player was helping the Master by whipping-in owing to Harrison's illness. The party given that night by Major and Mrs. Leigh Newton at their new abode, Vernons Oak, was just super. The Ball, in aid of the Royal Veterinary College, at the Green Man, Ashbourne, on Friday night was well supported, and Major Vere Foster, of Osmaston Stud Farm, made an excellent host. Sir William provided a good fox on Saturday at Needwood Gorse and a first-class hunt followed with a five-mile point.

From the South Cheshire

Tarporley week has just passed, the horse show for a change being blessed by a lovely day. It proved somewhat a "benefit" for Cissie, who collected most of the red tickets and tinkle.

Tuesday provided a good forty-five minutes over that nicely garnished country of the Clegg family, aided by Gracie.

Friday was a disappointing day apart from a good hound hunt of ninety-five minutes, hounds killing their fox at Poole. A rather circular tour in morning over Jack's country, which was extra.

Aviator and his jockey, also another expert, were seen in distress on the brink of the Swanley brook, but thanks to big boy Ralph with the wind behind him bearing down on this arm of the sea, murmuring "sit back, chaps, it looks like Bechers'," they both got a lead, but he had to come back to give further encouragement.

* * *

A Rugby Letter—*continued from p. 322*

The Welsh Selectors have made an early start with their trial games, and have brought off a fixture at Neath under the heading of Probables and Possibles. The Probables won by fifteen points to eight, and it must be remembered W. Wooller was not playing, though Cliff Jones and Vivian Jenkins were. Anyway, it was not a very decisive result, although it was fairly clear that Wales will have plenty of useful backs. Whether, however, the forwards will be better than they were last season remains to be seen.



BY APPOINTMENT



THESE two pieces by Hunt & Roskell are representative of the finest work of the modern jeweller. The bracelet in sapphires and fine diamonds, has a freshness, a grace and delicacy which is altogether enchanting. Sapphires and fine diamonds form the medium for the unique 'falling lace' design of the double-clip brooch, a lovely piece with a satisfying richness of colouring. The bracelet is priced at £252. The brooch, which can be separated, if desired, into two clips is priced at £330.

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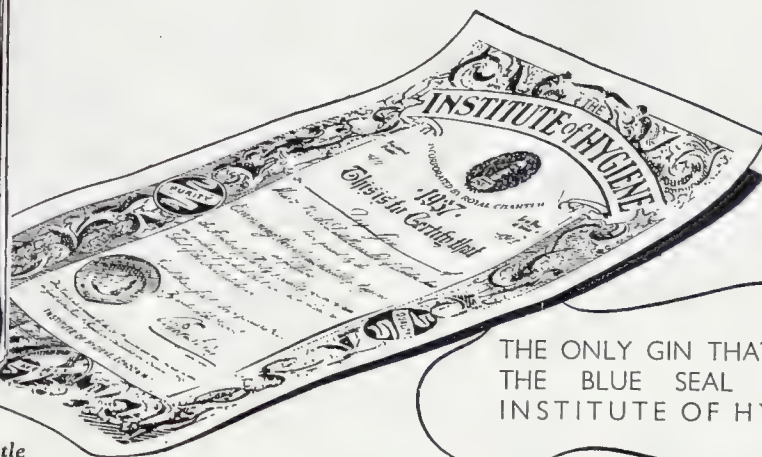
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M.E. BROOKE



WINTER sports films are daily shown at Harrods, Knightsbridge, when Mr. G. D. Greenland, the well-known expert, provides a running commentary. He is likewise prepared to advise on kit and equipment. He is known to all experienced winter sports enthusiasts, while his advice to beginners is invaluable. Among the infinite variety of ski-ing outfits to be seen in these salons are the two portrayed. The model on the left has brown trousers with a yellow double-breasted gabardine jacket; the scheme is completed with woollen scarf, cap and gloves. The suit on the right has navy gabardine trousers, and a white loden cloth jacket with blue knitted sleeves.

Picture by Blake

An Autumn Inspiration

*Red Dust
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PRACTICAL AND PLEASING

Ideas that every
wardrobe welcomes

IT is in the pleasant salons of Roderick Tweedie, 7A, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, that the fashions portrayed on this page may be seen. On the right is an alpaca jumper in pastel shades of yellow and beige, with puff sleeves and Peter Pan collar; it is light and warm and costs 45s. For Christmas and other gifts this firm is specialising in a new form of jewellery. It is a kind of crystal, the colours being reminiscent of those seen gleaming in the Cheddar caves



FLATTERING and slimming lines are present in the suit on the left, also from Roderick Tweedie. It is knitted, the coat showing a jacquard design, while the skirt is plain, and of it one may become the possessor for six guineas. There are many variations on this theme, and then there are others with tweed effects. Furthermore, there is a variety of plain suits endowed with individual touches

IT is on the right that a really practical tweed coat may be seen. It is entirely Scottish, the cost being seven and a half guineas. The Raglan sleeves are cleverly cut; hence there is perfect freedom without bulk. The collar is of interest, as it may be arranged in a variety of ways. Plain felt hats to match or strike a contrast are well represented; they are light in weight and well ventilated





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THE LINE OF SIMPLICITY



FORTUNATE is the woman of dignified proportions who has postponed choosing her winter coat, as Peter Robinson have assembled in their model coat department an unprecedentedly large collection. It is there that the coat above may be seen. This is carried out in bouclé cloth enriched with dyed squirrel; attention must be drawn to its graceful lines, which are decidedly flattering. The cost is seventeen guineas. There are other models made of bouclé with bolster collar and handsome cuffs for ten and a half guineas. The catalogue will be sent on application

IT is from Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh, that the suit on the right comes; of course, it is placed in the sports category, and is pleasantly priced at five and a half guineas. As will be seen, the jumper has a cable belt and neat pocket. Further details of this firm's specialities will be found in the catalogue, sent gratis and post free on application; it is a mine of information

Picture by Blake



Préface.

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*For your more vital Christmas giving
this year, choose 'Préface' — Pinaud's
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actually resculpture sagging contours and relaxed double chins. They "lift" tired lines from young faces and too deeply etched character lines from mature ones. Hollows or puffiness under the eyes, wrinkled eyelids and shrivelled throats yield amazingly to these remarkable treatments. They renew the clear-cut, lovely contours of youth!

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To make your skin velvet-smooth, glow with life and radiance, have this vitalising new treatment just introduced by Madame Rubinstein. By a special process, live oxygen filtered through a gentle herbal vapour, is sprayed on the skin, so that the pores can actually breathe it in. Under the oxygen's bleaching influence, the skin is cleared of sallowness, dullness and every trace of discolouration. Leathery, weather-beaten skin becomes satin-soft and fair.

Whether or not you need a specialised rejuvenating treatment, come into the Salon and enjoy a Beauty Lesson and Individualised Treatment. The cost is only 12/6 and the Lesson gives you an understanding of self beauty care and flattering make-up of lifetime benefit.

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The very essence of the new mode for femininity and elegance is the glittering new make-up created by Helena Rubinstein. Skin, soft and dewy with Town and Country Foundation, 4/6. Lips and cheeks touched with the velvet glow of her amazing Red Velvet Lipstick (6/6) and Rouge (4/6). Your eyes sparkling beneath a dark fringe of lashes, groomed to beauty with Valaze Mascara, 5/-. Visit the Salon for a make-up designed to suit your personality, free of charge.

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LES ÉLÉGANTES

Morning, noon and night



MAGGY ROUFF has come to London and has gone into residence in artistic salons at 12a, Stanhope Gate, where she has assembled her Parisian collection; a trio of her models is seen on this page. The sports ensemble above is of wool violine flecked with white; modelled hands form the fastening. Three vari-coloured leather bags are slung from a golden chain. This is quite the latest conceit in carriers of the hundred and one accessories that all fashionable women need



SIMPLICITY is the characteristic feature of the Maggy Rouff frock above, carried out in black jersey de laine with gold passementerie on the right shoulder and sleeve. Vivid touches of colour are introduced to the silver and black lamé dress on the left by the velvet ribbons at the neck and on the muff

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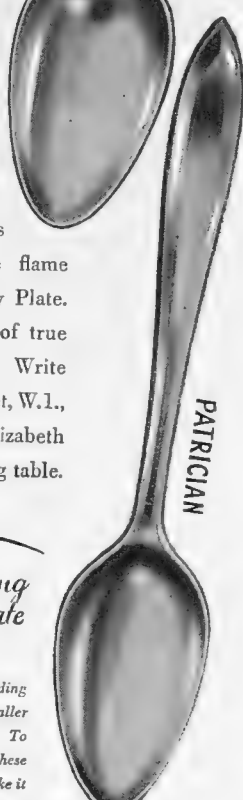
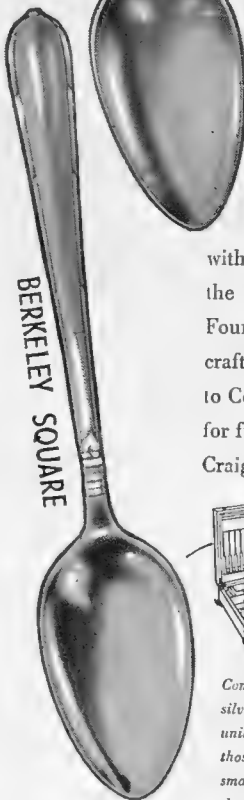
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Community Plate



AT YOUR SERVICE

Some valuable information

Flattering Supporters of the Figure.

No intelligent woman ever cavils at the statement that the figure needs protection and support without compression. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have apparently divided their Corset Department into two sections, one for those with youthful contours and another for women of dignified mien. The latter may have a little more tissue than they like, but this will pass unnoticed when harmonious proportions prevail. It is in the creation of the same that the authority in these salons excels. She never allows any unsightly ridges to appear, as she knows that it robs an evening dress of all its charm. In many cases the abdomen needs support, which is given by a special belt (25s.); this is destined to be worn with the corset that is most suitable to the wearer. Furthermore, emphasis must be laid on the fact that the maternity corsets are perfectly practical.

"Corslos" for the Younger Set.

Great consideration has been given by Debenham and Freebody to the creation of "Corslos" for the younger set; they are made of two-way stretch lace, extra support being introduced where necessary. Although some are cut decidedly low at the back, there is an

underarm support, whose work is so important that it cannot be over-estimated. Motorists as well as winter sports enthusiasts have much to say in favour of the garments that have been designed and carried out for them; as a matter of fact they are works of art. It seems almost unnecessary to add that brassières are well represented. They give to the figure just the outline that fashion demands; they guide but do not tyrannise. The autumn catalogue must be studied by all—it will be sent on application. Of course, a visit to these salons is far better, as corsets must never be bought in an indiscriminate manner.

Maids' Uniforms.

Ideas as to maids' uniforms have changed very much during the last few years, passing far beyond the monotony of black and white. An attractive outfit increases a maid's pleasure in her work besides improving her appearance, and Garrould's, 150-162, Edgware Road, have an immense variety of frocks and aprons. Practical simplicity is the rule for mornings. A well-cut dress in check gingham which will not fade and has been thoroughly shrunk costs eight shillings and elevenpence, while twelve and elevenpence is the cost of a neat piqué frock. Pretty caps and aprons for afternoons are made

This maid's set from Garrould's is practical as well as pretty, for it is of self-checked organdie with coloured spots, an excellent washing material. With it is worn an afternoon dress of pure Botany wool, available in various colours

in lawn or organdie, some trimmed with hemstitching and pin-tucks, others with coloured spots or sprigs. Afternoon dresses for autumn and winter are designed to suit maids of all ages; their variety, and the very reasonable prices, can best be appreciated from the catalogue (sent gratis and post free). Women who consider their maids' uniforms as part of their interior decorations will find colours to harmonise with their schemes, and special requirements can easily be complied with.

Unseen Accessory.

A woman's appearance is not a hastily sketched impression but a skilful feat of craftsmanship, each tiny point the result of careful study. Perfume, though invisible, is an extremely important accessory, for its subtle effect can greatly enhance the beauty of an ensemble. Naturally, fashions in perfume change, and an out-moded fragrance may strike as discordant a note as last season's hat. Lucien Lelong, himself a fashion designer, has created perfumes perfectly in tune with the modes and manners of to-day. His Concentré 96 is light yet lasting, well adapted for day and evening occasions; since the price is less for the same amount it can be used more freely than the heavier essences. Busy women who cannot return to their dressing-tables during the day will appreciate the Flacon de Sac, a charming little bottle shaped like a handbag and fitting easily into one. This costs only five shillings, which is most assuredly a modest outlay. If you are anxious to try a new scent

this is a useful size with which to experiment, as it is available containing seven different perfumes.

A Youthful Skin.

The approach of age does not mean that one's skin must inevitably become wrinkled, dull and unattractive. For the ageing of the skin is the result of a definite cause, the insufficient secretion of hormones, which can be corrected by careful treatment. Excessive strain, fatigue or ill-health may have induced this "aged" condition even in a young skin, but the Vitormone Cream evolved by Innox counteracts all undesirable effects. This cream contains the hormones so vitally necessary to keep the skin young and smooth; they stimulate the cells to normal activity so that the tissues improve themselves. Penetrating far below the surface of the skin, Vitormone Cream achieves lasting results. The method of application is simple, just part of the ordinary beauty routine. At night, when the face and neck have been thoroughly cleansed, the cream should be generously massaged into the skin and left on all night. The residue will sink into the pores and continue its good work. In the morning the face should be bathed in tepid water and Vitormone Cream used lightly as a foundation for powder and rouge.



Call it what you will~

Hers is a fascination hard to define. Poise, glamour, personality, call it what you will. No mere words can capture it. Perhaps it is that augmenting her natural charm is an unerring feeling for quality, in people, clothes, everything. And so, instinctively, she entrusts the care of her coiffure to Truefitt & Hill of Bond Street.

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Who recently became engaged to Mr. R. J. Lambert, son of the late Mr. St. John Murray Lambert, and of Mrs. Hulbert, of Padley Court, Nr. Basingstoke. Miss Wood is the daughter of the late Mr. J. Wood, and of Mrs. G. E. Wood, of Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

of Atbara, Sudan, at the Cathedral Church of All Saints, Khartoum, on January 11, 1938.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. A. R. M. Maxwell-Hyslop, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Maxwell-Hyslop, of Kensington Mansions, S.W.5, and Rachel, elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Clay, of Tite Street, Chelsea, and Rastrick, Yorks; Captain E. C. Rossell, of Bukit Panjong Estate, Jeram, Malaya, and Isobel Osborne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Coltart, Errolstone, Kilmaccol, Renfrewshire, Scotland; Mr. D'A. P. Reilly, of His Majesty's Diplomatic Service, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, only son of Mr. Justice H. D. C. Reilly, I.C.S. (retd.), Chief Justice of

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Abroad.

Captain J. O. Stuart will marry Miss H. Lynden-Bell at Nairobi Cathedral to-morrow, November 18, and the marriage will shortly take place at Tokyo, between Mr. P. G. Parker, R.A. (attached to the British Embassy), youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Parker and the late Mrs. Parker, of Guernsey, and Ena Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Brough, of Handsworth, Birmingham. Mr. P. E. Williams, of Khartoum, will marry Miss F. D. Wigmore,

Mysore, and Mrs. Reilly, and Rachel Mary, elder daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Percy and Lady Sykes, of Eastbury Court, W.; Mr. A. S. J. de S. Clayton, The Middlesex Regt. (D.C.O.), son of the late Gerald E. C. Clayton, of Penarwel, Llanbedrog, N. Wales, and of Mrs. Clayton-Eartherley, Shapwick House, Bridgwater, Somerset, and Frances

Barbara, elder daughter of Major P. B. Allott, late The Middlesex Regiment (D.C.O.), and Mrs. Allott, of Linden House, Lymington, Hants; Wing Commander H. M. K. Brown, Royal Air Force, son of Mr. John Brown and the late Mrs. Brown, Newhouse, Stirling, and Patty Primrose, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Haydon, of Lynnfild, Kirkwall, Orkney; Mr. T. G. Waterlow, younger son of the late Sir William Waterlow, Bt., K.B.E., and of Lady Waterlow, of Montagu Place, W.1, and Helen Elizabeth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard A. H. Robinson, of North Ridge, Bix. Henley; Lieut. A. F. Hall, R.N., son of the Rev. Mildmay Francis Hall and Mrs. Hall, Monkton Farleigh Rectory, Wilts, and Isabel, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Briggs, K.C.B., and Lady Briggs, Biddestone, Wilts; Mr. P. Legh, son of Cdr. and Mrs. Pennington-Legh, West Kirby, and Win-

some Margaret, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. Hurst.



MR. AND MRS. G. J. V. LARMUTH

After their recent wedding at All Saints' Church, Malabar Hill, Bombay. The bride was Miss Diana Clayton, daughter of Dr. R. V. Clayton, Principal Medical and Health Officer of the G.I.P. Railway, and of Mrs. Clayton. Mr. Larmuth is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Larmuth, of Durban, Natal



Veronde

MISS PAMELA BRENDON

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rundle Brendon, of Two Gates, Esher, who is engaged to Mr. Oswald Cary-Elwes, The Lincolnshire Regt., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cary-Elwes, of Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea

beauty

OF FACE AND FORM

When her figure is deprived by Nature of its graceful lines, or her skin begins to change its youthful freshness for the wrinkles and discoloration of age, woman turns desperately to the aid of available treatments in the hope of restoring and retaining her charms. The shortcomings of beauty and the undesirable changes due to the march of time are caused by disturbances in the inner functions of the system. To check their further progress and to re-establish the correct balance of these functions the system has to be stimulated internally—in Nature's own way—and if the results are to be effective and lasting the treatment, therefore, has to be introduced from within.

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The object of these methods is to supplement the shortage of vital substances in the human system, and by introducing them into the body to supply the nutrition required by the organism for the discharge of its normal functions—for the continuous repair of tissues from natural wear. The system is stimulated to renewed activity and formation of new cells is promoted. The newly-formed cells replace those which have become inactive or lost. This process of reconstruction of tissues preserves beauty and removes signs of its fading.

To introduce the vital substances into the body special scientifically prepared treatments, incorporating the principles of

rejuvenation, have been evolved. How these treatments, taken during a course, can produce the desired results is explained in most interesting and richly illustrated books.

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GARRARDS

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Goldsmiths and Jewellers
to the Crown*

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 311

And this is how this "one hell of a horseman" rides at a brook, which has "stakes" on both sides! I do not quite know what is meant:—

"Water all right—There it was—just below him—not fifty yards below him—and both banks poached to blazes (*no one presumably had had it before, since the hero was leading the field, so why poached?*)—some nasty stakes too—on the take-off side, on the landing side. (*Why "stakes" in a brook?*)

Hounds were across though (*Water never stops them!*) The huntsman was going for it. The whipper-in would go for it. There they went. Gosh, what leaps. Could the grey do it? Hounds were checking. Hounds were at their noses. Need the grey do it? Damn it, the grey should do it. He must do it.

Spurs home, reins loose, hat flying, Rupert picked his own place, cleared the water.

"What a horseman," thought the younger of the two who watched him; but the elder "What a fool!"

(The Younger was right! "What" a horseman!)

* * *

On the way home the "one hell of a horseman's" horse bolts when he sees the lights of a motor car. They cannot have had much of a hunt! Horses do not run away coming home. The hero flings himself off to avoid knocking down a signpost, and we are given to understand that he is terribly hurt! As he is able to walk, and apparently has not even cracked a bone, why should he be terribly hurt? Serve him right if he had been. However, it makes the heroine love him dearly all over again, and so



THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD: MR. A. D. LINDSAY

Mr. Lindsay is the most popular holder of the Vice-Chancellorship for many a long day. A Fellow of Balliol and Classical Tutor in 1906 he came to the Mastership of that college in 1924, having served in the Great War meanwhile. The scope of his published work ranges from *The Churches and Democracy*, through *Kant* and *Karl Marx's Capital* to a translation of *The Republic of Plato*.

He is also, as is natural to a deep philosopher, an angler

starts the romance of this "one hell of a horseman"! As I have said, it would have been much better to have kept all these cads on castors and avoided that dangerous place, the hunting field, of which I am afraid Gilbert Frankau knows nothing.

This "one hell of a horseman" eventually gets killed in the war, thank goodness! and the rest of the book is devoted to the adventures of the heroine's offspring, in the recital of which Gilbert is upon far firmer ground. Bar the hunting stuff, which is inexpressibly bad, this book is good story-telling.

* * *

So many letters and so forth have reached me about Mr. H. B. C. Pollard's book, *The Mystery of Scent*, that it is totally impossible to deal with them in the space available this week. A good many people are critical of his scentometer without having seen it. I have not seen it myself, and so am in the same position, but even without seeing it one can easily understand its limitations. Other people say that Mr. Pollard is far too scientific and technical for the average reader, and some more say, as I do, that his scentometer seems to be merely an elaboration of Mr. H. M. Budgett's instruments. I think myself that Mr. Budgett's book, *Hunting by Scent*, is far better written and more interesting. There are so many points at which Mr. Pollard and his critics seem to differ that I am not intending to mention all of them, because it might result in an absolute "Donnybrook," but some of the criticism is not on these lines. My own already expressed opinion is that scenting conditions change so rapidly that it would be difficult to keep abreast of things.



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'Love it . . . Your face, my dear, is as brown as the desert'

'That's winter sunshine. Shows what a healthy place Egypt is'



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* You should see the Aswan Dam, one of the greatest feats of engineering in the world.

* Visit the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor; it will be an unforgettable experience.

* When you want exercise, remember there are golf courses in Cairo and Alexandria, and tennis is played everywhere. You can also ride or play polo.

* To travel in Egypt is to travel comfortably and efficiently—whether by rail, boat, or air.

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MISS URSULA BRUCE AND HER
DACHSHUNDS

and would much rather be wild. The dog alone has associated himself entirely with us; lives our lives, likes, or the reverse, our friends, and enjoys taking part in all we do; and lucky for us it is so, think what we should miss if there were no dogs. I am always sorry for people who do not like dogs, or only like them "in their proper place." Think how dull much of their lives must be, and what a lot of fun they miss.

The Golden Retriever is a perfectly charming dog, both in appearance and character. He makes an ideal companion, being beautiful and intelligent; in fact at one time there was a danger that his success as a companion would conceal his working qualities. Thanks to the good sense of his friends this danger is now over, and the Golden Retriever is recognised as a first-class worker. Every year more Golden Retrievers take part in Trials, and more win prizes. Mrs. Nairn has a celebrated kennel of Golden Retrievers; her dogs have done well both at work and on the bench. For some years her chief stud dog was the well-known Ch. Birling James, who died full of years and honours a few weeks ago. The photograph is of his son, Stubbings Golden

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

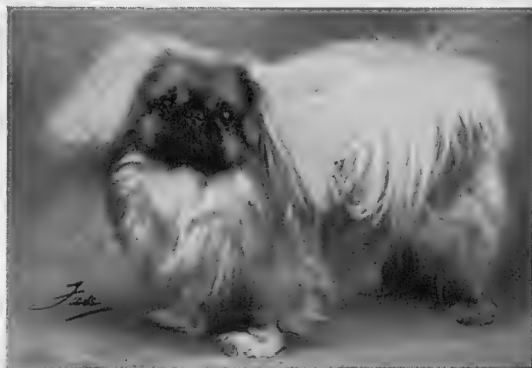
To a person of a philosophical turn of mind, dogs are interesting. Why, of all the animal kingdom, should dogs be the only ones voluntarily to associate with human beings? Cats live with us, but only condescendingly, because it suits them; all other domestic animals were certainly originally tamed against their wills,

Nimbus, who has twice been reserve to the champion at Crufts, and won the challenge certificate himself at Cheltenham. There are some good puppies of his, and of other of the descendants of James, for sale at present, suitable either for work, show, or as companions.

The Dachshund is, if possible, more popular than ever. His great intelligence, short coat and attractive appearance mark him out as an ideal companion, also he is nice to show, as he does not require any trimming. Miss Ursula Bruce has a small kennel of Dachshunds, and sends a photograph of herself and



STUBBINGS GOLDEN NIMBUS
The property of Mrs. Nairn



CH. CHU FUAN OF SHERHILL
The property of Miss Allen

two of them. She at present has a litter of pups for sale; they are by a champion, five-months-old, house-trained. These puppies have been brought up in the country and are thoroughly strong and healthy; one is a very good one, suitable for show, and would make a good stud dog; the others are used to being about with people and would make excellent companions.

It is always interesting to see a photograph of a really first-class dog. We have one this time in Miss Allen's Pekinese, Ch. Chu Fuan of Sherhill. His first certificate was won at our L.K.A. Show, where he also won cups for the best non-sporting and best Toy, his second at Richmond, and his third at the K.C., where he was awarded the Send Gold Vase for the best Toy. It is an amazing fact that, of late years, Pekinese have been sent to China to improve the breed there. Miss Allen has a few lovely puppies by Chu Fuan for sale.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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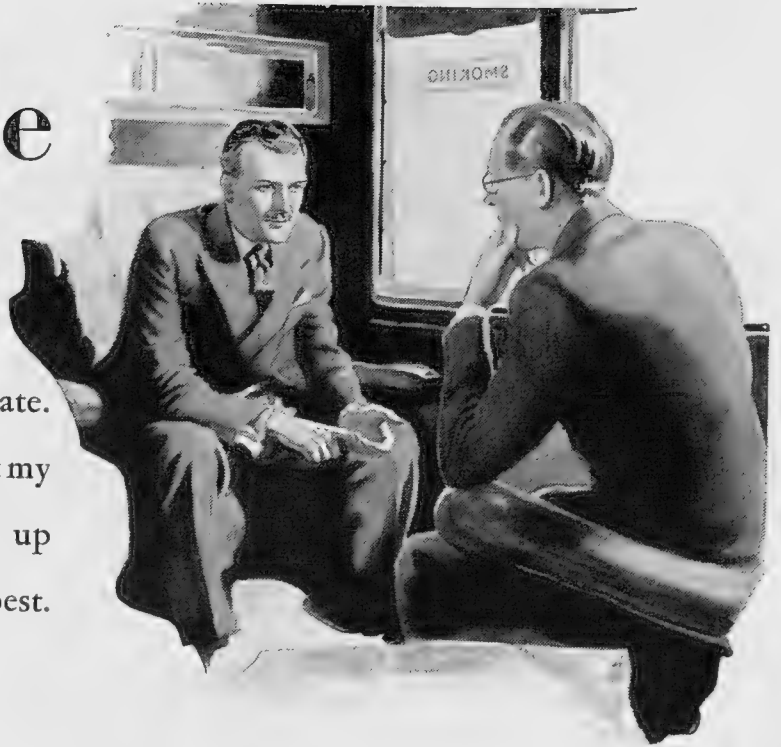
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I've reached an age when it pays to discriminate. When one's younger it's rather different ; but at my time of life I'd rather do without than put up with second best.



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And it's the same thing with whisky. I may seem difficult ; but when I can get a whisky that's as soft and smooth as a fine liqueur, do you blame me if I always insist on White Horse ?"



WHITE HORSE Whisky

You can tell it blindfold!

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

Air Eddies—continued from p. 320

Air Ministry, nor by the pilots, but by the administration of Imperial Airways. It is admittedly unfortunate that the new fleet of land-planes ordered over three years ago is not yet ready; but nobody, by the widest stretch of the imagination, can blame Imperial Airways for that.

Recognition.

Apart, then, from the dismissals of the pilots, I am inclined to believe that Imperial Airways is in the right. And that seems to be true of the question of recognition of the pilots' Association. I believe that there is need for the Association, provided it acts always solely for the benefit of its members in general. The Guild is not a fighting body, and nowadays a fighting body is always necessary to extract the greatest possible benefits from a profession or calling. Whatever we may say, it is, in the final instance, the fighting that counts. Fighting gave women the vote, and it gave at least three countries their present governments. Fighting may not be pleasant, but it works. The Association will have to fight for its existence, and Imperial Airways, in my opinion—though it is a view that will not be widely shared—is entitled to fight back. So let us, with more wisdom than generosity, sit back and cheer on both sides and only express a definite opinion as to the rights and wrongs of the dispute after one side has scored a decisive victory.

Tricycles Again.

Meanwhile the thing that really disturbs the critic of commercial aviation in England is that no passenger aircraft with tricycle undercarriages are in production. I devoted some space in two previous articles in THE TATLER to point out the special advantages which are now claimed for this form of undercarriage, and I also mentioned that General Aircraft, of Hanworth, have been experimenting with it. But none of the new machines ordered in numbers for our air lines have tricycle undercarriages. Now, the answer might be: All in due course. But, unfortunately, the essential fact about the tricycle undercarriage is that, if it does do what those who have studied it say it does, it will at one stroke cause bicycle undercarriage commercial landplanes to become obsolete.

If the tricycle undercarriage—as is suggested by the experiments of General Aircraft—makes landing so much easier and safer, and if, above all, it makes blind landings possible without the aid of special

apparatus other than that needed to bring the machine approximately over the landing area, it will come into use with a rush, and the first air-line company to adopt it will enjoy a marked advantage over all others. If I were advising any air-line company about future equipment, I would say: Go now for the tricycle undercarriage. Try it quickly, and, if the claims for it are substantiated, insist on having it in all new types ordered.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 324

nightmare of official bungling. It is not right to talk of limiting speeds except in relation to the vehicle and the road it is on. While we have bad roads speeds must remain relatively low. But with good roads there is no reason why speeds should not go up greatly in excess of anything used at present. And it is also to be remembered that increased speeds mean reduced congestion provided the road system is properly arranged. For the vehicle is occupying space on the roads for a lesser period. Let us beg our Ministers of Transport to take a bigger view of things; to try to cultivate some little vision and to give us something in the way of a radical road plan.

Overdrive.

The overdrive habit seems to be gaining ground. In essentials the overdrive is an extra gear which comes into operation automatically when the accelerator pedal is momentarily released with the car running at the appropriate speed. The advantages claimed are reduced engine wear and reduced petrol consumption with great smoothness and ease of running on the open road. What really happens is that the engine is allowed to get into its stride in the ordinary top, and, having got into its stride, like a runner who has got his second wind, it can pull in a slightly higher gear. With the overdrive that higher gear becomes available directly it is wanted. The Chrysler people have the overdrive in their cars, and it is earning the unstinted approval of owners.

The Chrysler range extends from the six-cylinder Plymouth with the 19.8 h.p. or the 23.4 h.p. engine to the Custom Imperial with the 33.8 h.p. eight-cylinder engine. The Plymouth standard touring saloon costs £335; the Custom Imperial limousine, which is the most expensive car in the range, costs £975; and in between there are the Kew, the Wimbledon, the Royal and the Imperial. The Imperial has the 33.8 h.p. eight-cylinder engine; the others have six-cylinder engines, that in the Royal being of about four litres capacity.



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"An Obsession"—continued from p. 318

Well, Chuck went on hooking him, and clipping him, and sending him down on his back, but all the time he was getting slower. And then the tide began to turn.

Levy was helpless. He kept on trying to stop it, and kept on getting poked away. And all the time the man in the blue jeans was chopping Chuck badly. He would get in close and weather the awful socking Chuck was still handing out, and then he would sock for himself. Cripes, it was terrible. For twenty minutes they went on fighting, and Chuck was getting a hell of a beating, and getting hit about the body the worst thing I ever saw. The man facing up to him was as tough as teak, and tireless, and he kept on coming. His face was like raw beef, and he kept on coming. I tell you you can't imagine what this thing looked like.

Then, and it happened all at once, they mixed it like a couple of crazy gorillas, and we saw Chuck spin round and go down. Eighty-three fights he'd had, and this was the first time he'd ever been knocked off his pins. He got up pretty quick, but you could see he was shaken up badly all the same. And twice more he was knocked down, and each time he got up slower. The other guy was cutting him to pieces, but Chuck wouldn't give up. He was on his feet again inside a few seconds every time he was sent down, and he was tired so he could hardly poke out his arms, and he kept on going. It was the finest exhibition of sheer guts I ever saw.

Then, quite suddenly, and for no reason I could see, they both stopped. They dropped their hands and looked at one another, and they were both breathing in great sobs, and their faces were raw and bleeding. Then the man in the blue jeans said, "Well, kid?" And Chuck grinned painfully and wiped the sweat out of his eyes. "You're all right," he said. "You got me licked."

The man just looked at him, and his eyes were shining, all puffed up as they were, they were shining. "By the powers, Chuck Morris," he said, "you're a fine man to say that. You're a fine man, all right. I've waited years for this, years."

But Chuck didn't say anything; he just went over and sat on the fender of the car. He was looking pretty terrible. Then Levy and I filled up the tank with the gasoline the other man gave us and put the cans back inside the flivver. But he didn't say anything to us at all, and just went over to Chuck and shook hands with him. And I saw that his knuckles were blackened and swollen like hams, and that

Chuck's were hardly marked. "Well, so long, Chuck Morris," the man said. "You're all right, and every time you fight I'm pulling for you." But Chuck didn't smile. He just patted the man on the shoulder and said: "Thanks, that's fine. I won't forget that." And then he got into the car and let me drive away.

Well, that's all.

We had to keep him out of sight for a time, but not for very long, and none of the papers got even a smell of it. At first Levy swore that the little guy would bleat about it, but Chuck said no he wouldn't. And Chuck was right, because the thing never came out at all. And Chuck had ten fights after that, and won them all. But you could see he was different. He was different from that day onwards, and, though Levy and me hardly ever talked about it, we knew he had never forgotten.

And now he's dead. The gamest man that ever went inside a ring. Chuck Morris, who was the best middle-weight in the world. He could have cut that man to pieces that time in Michigan, and he didn't do it. He might have been letting himself in for the world's biggest soaking of ridicule, but he took the chance. I think it would have killed that feller that day if Chuck had whipped him, and I think Chuck knew it would, too.

I put it out of my mind for years, the memory of that day, and then, reading the papers this morning it all came back to me and made me feel maudlin. I went to the funeral, too, and everybody was there. All the big-shots of the ring, a good lot of them who had been whipped by Chuck in their time. And they all stood around afterwards talking big, the way people like that do. And I saw another man there, a short tough man with grey hair and a badly-marked face. And he talked to nobody.

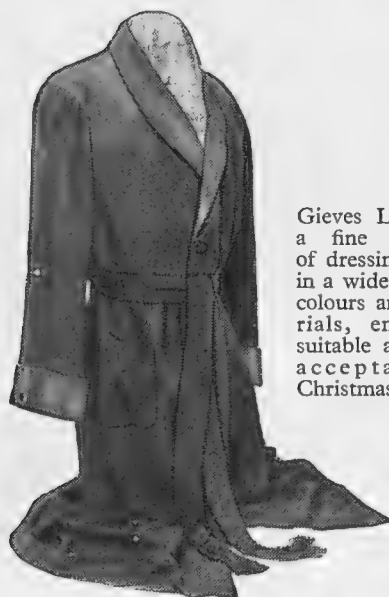
THE END

Mr. Firth Shephard, who has leased and redecored the Piccadilly Theatre, will present a new form of entertainment there, entitled *Choose Your Time*. The programme will start at 8.30 and run approximately as follows: Well-known dance orchestra, film cartoon, star act, news film, star act. Interval. A new comedy, entitled *Talk of the Devil*, by Anthony Pellissier. Cast will include Yvonne Arnaud, John Mills and Naughton Wayne. The play will be given without intervals and will last about an hour.

"This show is on completely new lines and will appeal, I think, to every type of entertainment-seeker," Mr. Shephard said. The first night of *Choose Your Time* will be about a week before Christmas.



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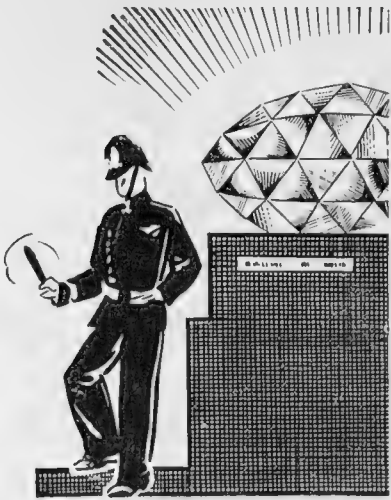
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Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for £13 to help two gentlewomen, both over 70, and sisters. They have only their old-age pensions and a charity allowance of 2s. 6d. weekly, which is a miserably small total for two women of gentle birth, for rent, food, coal, clothes, and all necessities. One is an invalid, and, when their father died, finding themselves without any means of support, the elder one started to give music lessons, but she was really too old, and one by one her pupils dropped away, and now they are just two pathetic old ladies who desperately need our help. We want to promise them 5s. a week that they may at least be sure of a little warmth and a fire in their grate throughout the winter. Please send us something for them.

The Rainbow Ball, in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital for Women, is again being run without any kind of paid organiser. In spite of this, last year's Ball resulted in a sum of £1,200 being paid over to the hospital after expenses had been deducted. It will be held at Grosvenor House, in the Great Room, on Tuesday, November 30, 1937, and Sydney Lipton's band will provide the music. Anton Dolin will be seen in exhibition dances and there will be side-shows: A Bootlegger's Den, a Fortune Teller (Miss Lansdowne), a Tombola, and Skee-ball, Darts Competition, etc. Tickets (including Champagne Supper), two guineas each, or six for ten guineas, may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary of the Ball Committee, Captain C. Lancaster, Rainbow Ball Office, Room 704, Cecil Chambers, 86, Strand, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 1234, ext. 63, or any member of the committee. Cheques should be made payable to "Rainbow Ball A/c."

On Monday, November 8, *Revuedeville* 98 opened at the Windmill Theatre. Edna Wood and Doris Barry are the soubrettes, Bay Seymour is seen again in this number, also that delightful dancer, Anitric Savitre.



CARY GRANT, DAVID NIVEN AND OURSELVES

A photograph from Hollywood, in which Cary Grant and David Niven are seen in company with THE TATLER. They are both Englishmen, and David Niven had only recently returned to California when the picture was taken. Cary Grant is in *Topper*, which was at the Empire more or less recently, in which he is a ghost. David Niven is Fritz von Tarlenheim in *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the Leicester Square

Warden and West are back as "Biddy and Fanny"; Gus, Hall Bryan and Dick Montague keep the fun going; Scott Courtney entertains us with rope and card tricks and some amusing patter; and Will T. Carter contributes some neat foot juggling. The lovely "Tomb of the Pharaohs" tableau is revived, and Mr. Vivian Van Damm is the producer.

Heaven's Gate, by Julia Cairns, is a little book of reflections on life, in kindly vein. The author has already published *Stardust* and *More Stardust*, and this is a similar volume. There is nothing very original in these little essays of a few hundred words each; they call for no great mental effort on the part of the reader, they are statements of homely truths. But these truths are only too often forgotten in these days, and it is well that they should be often re-stated. *Heaven's Gate* is published by Frederick Muller, Ltd., of 29, Great James St., W.C.1, and the price is a shilling.

Doctor Syn, the new George Arliss film, the premiere of which was attended by Her Majesty Queen Mary, continues its run at the New Gallery. Based on the Russell Thorndike adventure story of Kentish smugglers and their parson leader, *Doctor Syn* gives George Arliss the part of the wily chief smuggler, while the supporting artistes in the cast are Margaret Lockwood, John Loder, Graham Moffatt, and Frederick Burtwell. Roy William Neill directed. Also continuing at the New Gallery will be *Armoured Car*, an underworld thriller, with Robert Wilcox, Judith Barrett, and Cesar Romero, and the new Mickey Mouse cartoon, *Hawaiian Holiday*.

Sonja Henie's latest picture, *Lovely to Look At*, is still at the Tivoli. Tyrone Power, Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher, Alan Hale, and Joan Davis are all in the cast. The film has a romantic story with plenty of comedy, but the highlight is the spectacular skating of the Norwegian star. The Walt Disney Mickey Mouse cartoon, *Hawaiian Holiday*, is also in the Tivoli programme.

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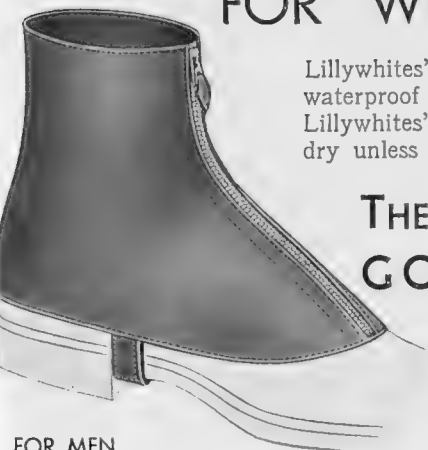


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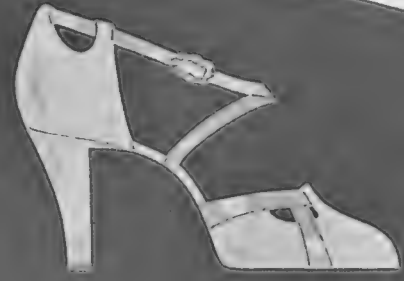
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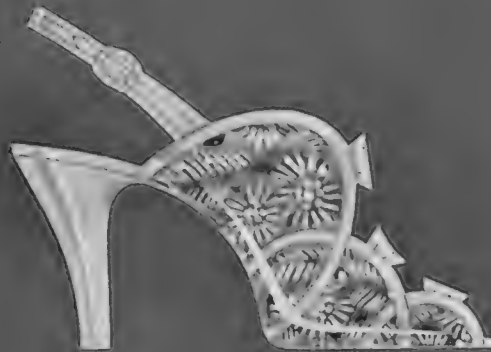


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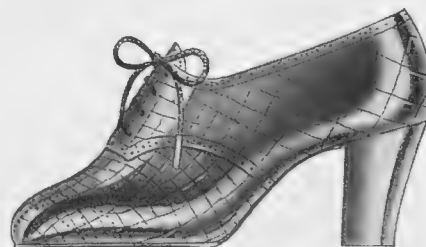
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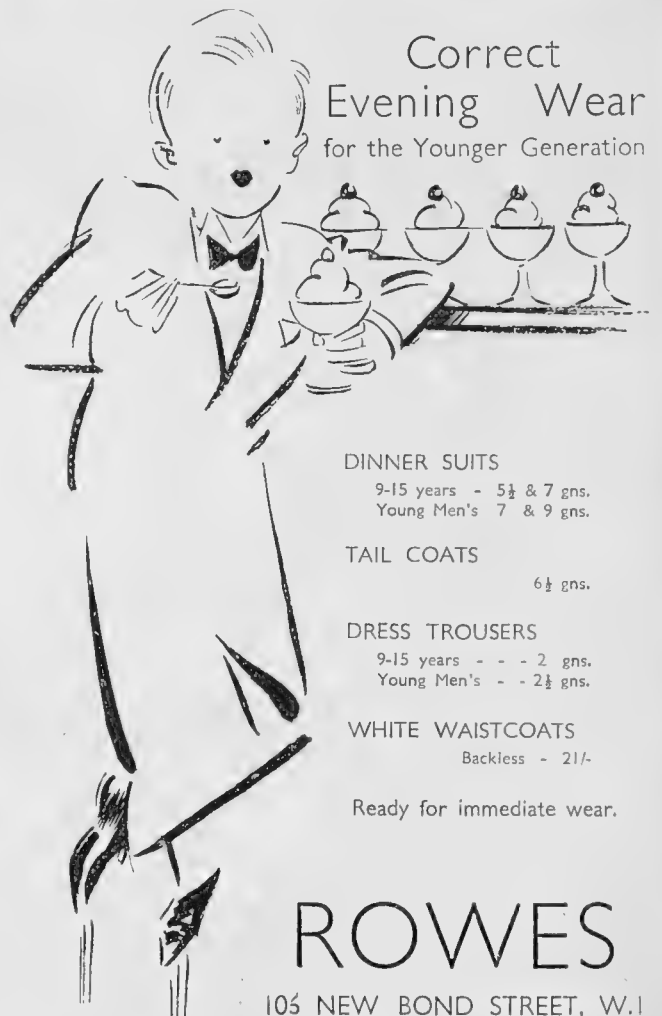


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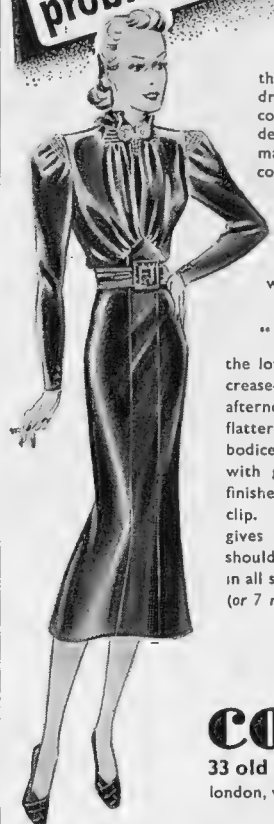
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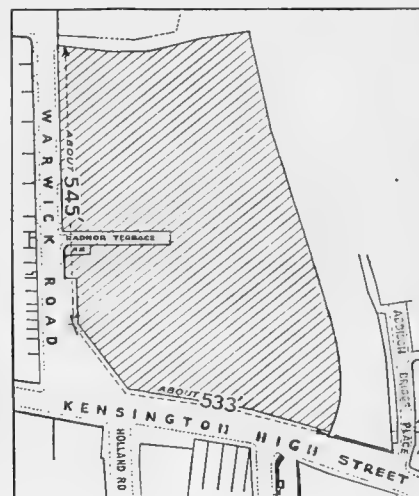
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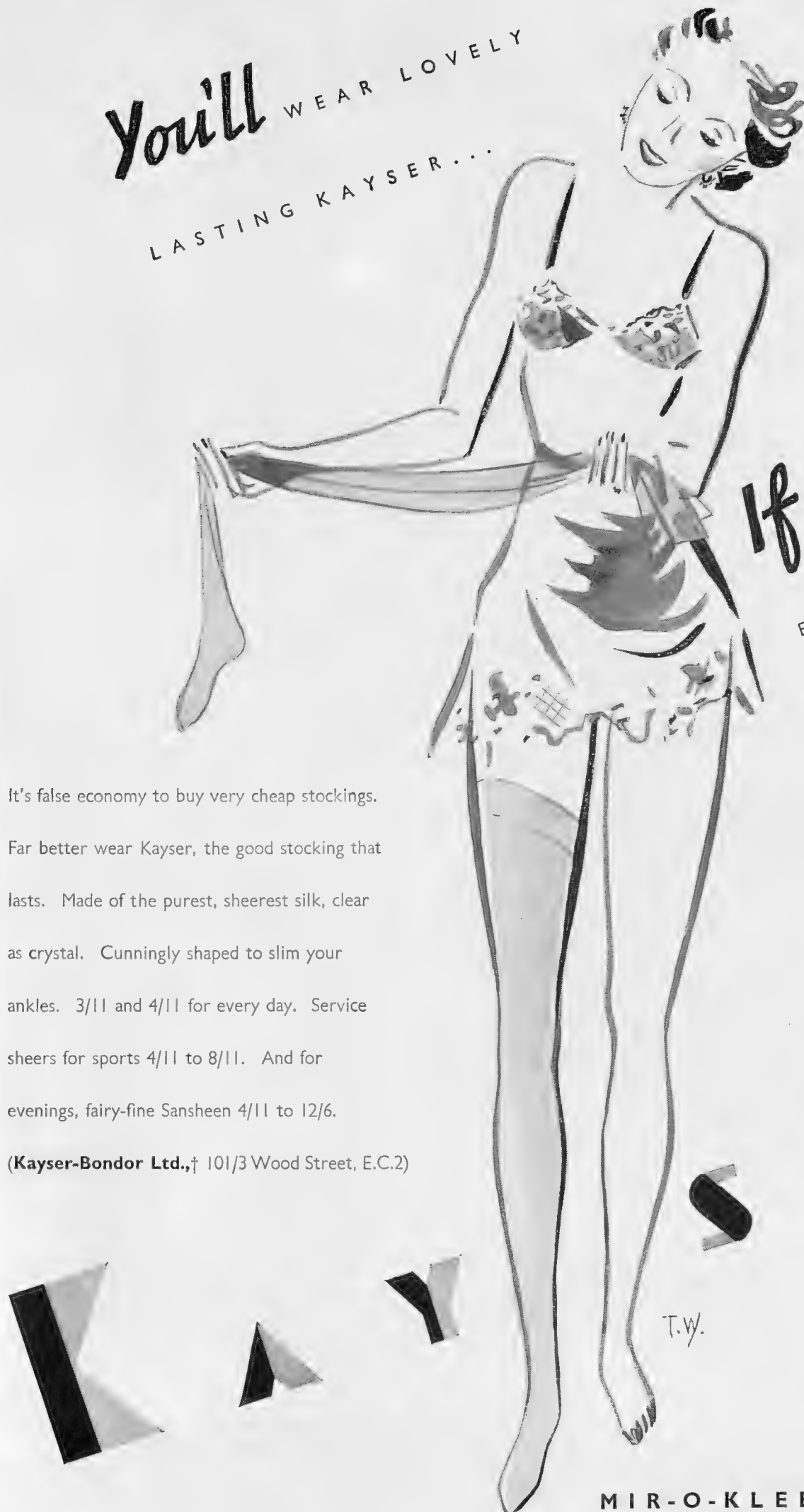
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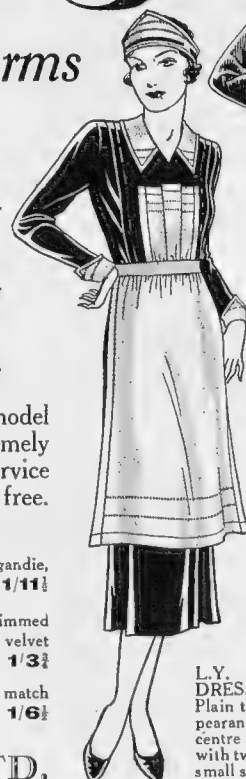
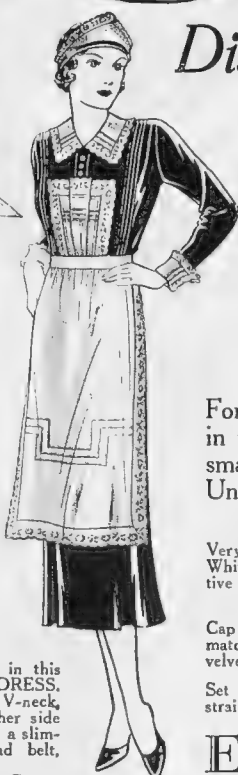
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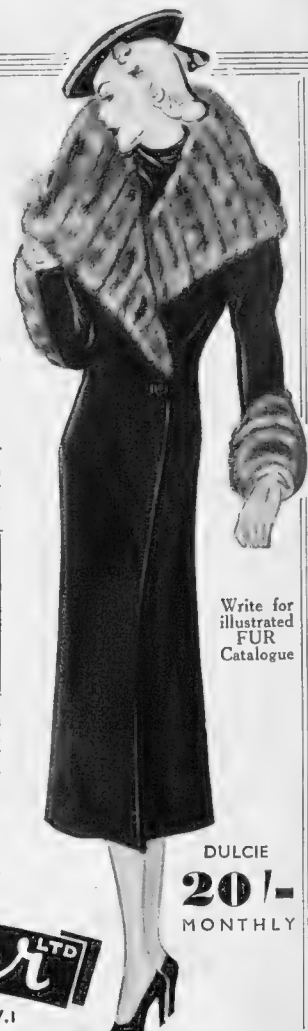
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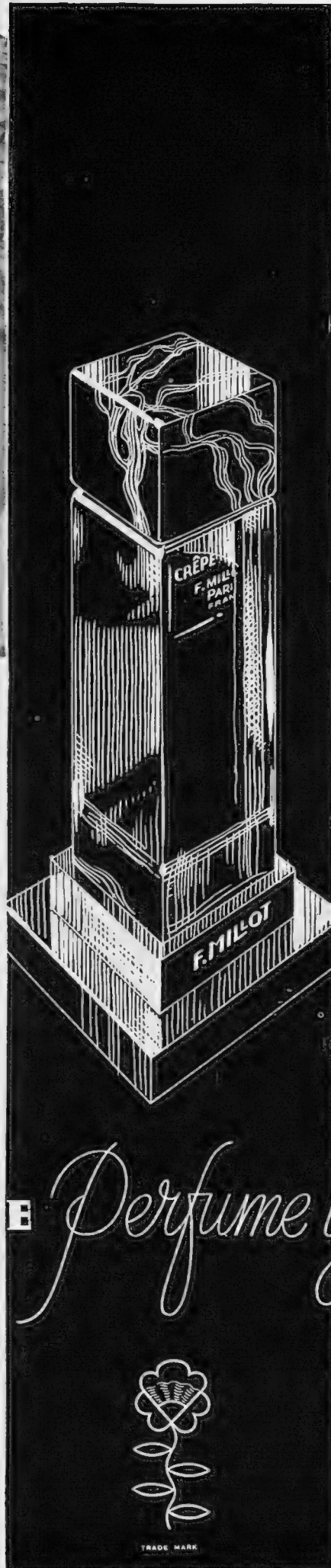
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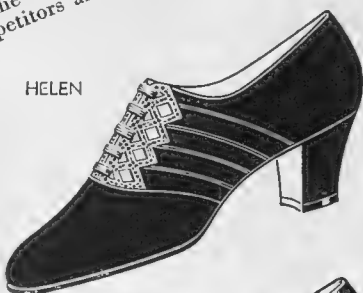
2. The inner sole of most shoes is curved, squeezing toes and joints together. You walk in a trough.

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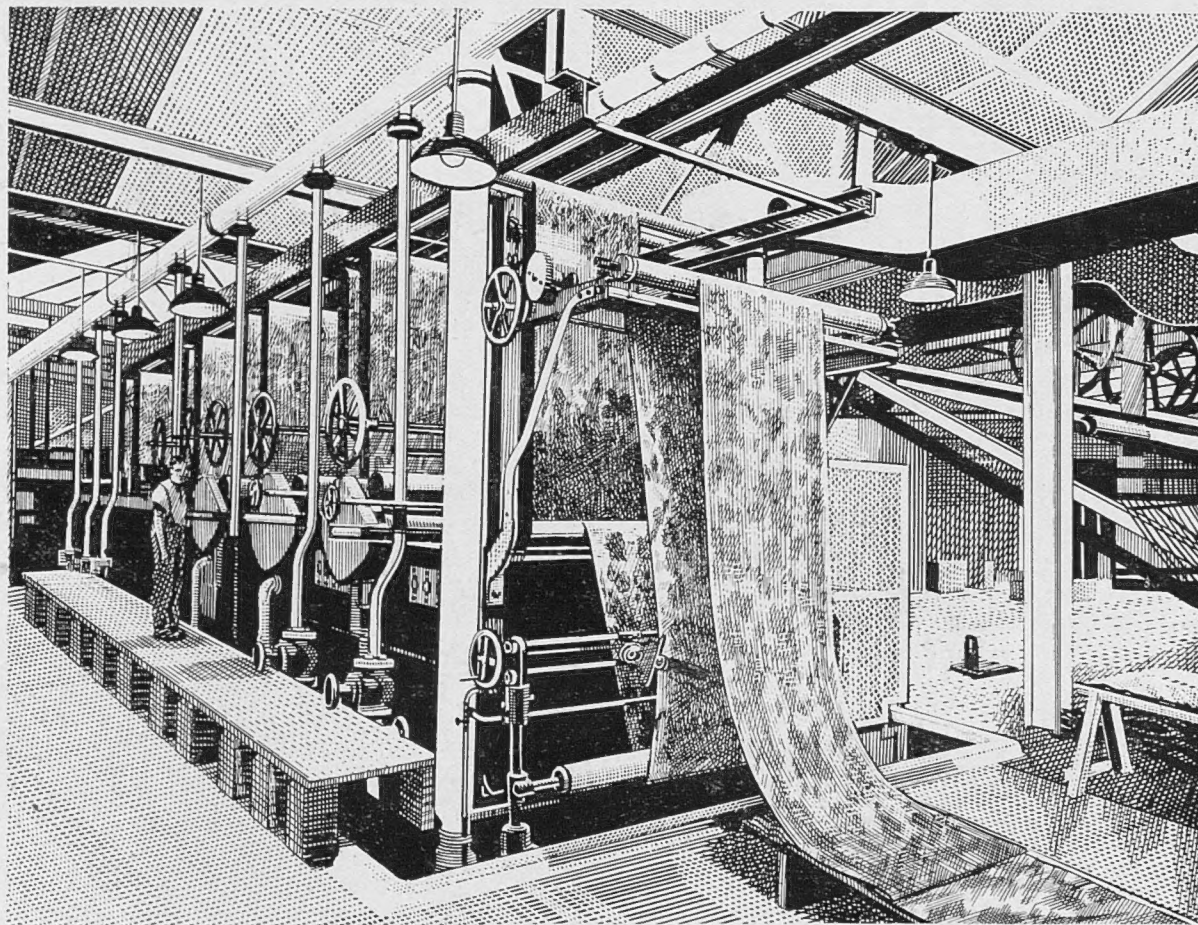
going through four times a week for nine months and we compared him recently with a piece of the same pattern that had been washed only once. 'Old Faithful' has faded slightly, it is true, but considering what he has gone through, we or you could not have a better proof that Sanderson Indecolor Fabrics are wash-proof.

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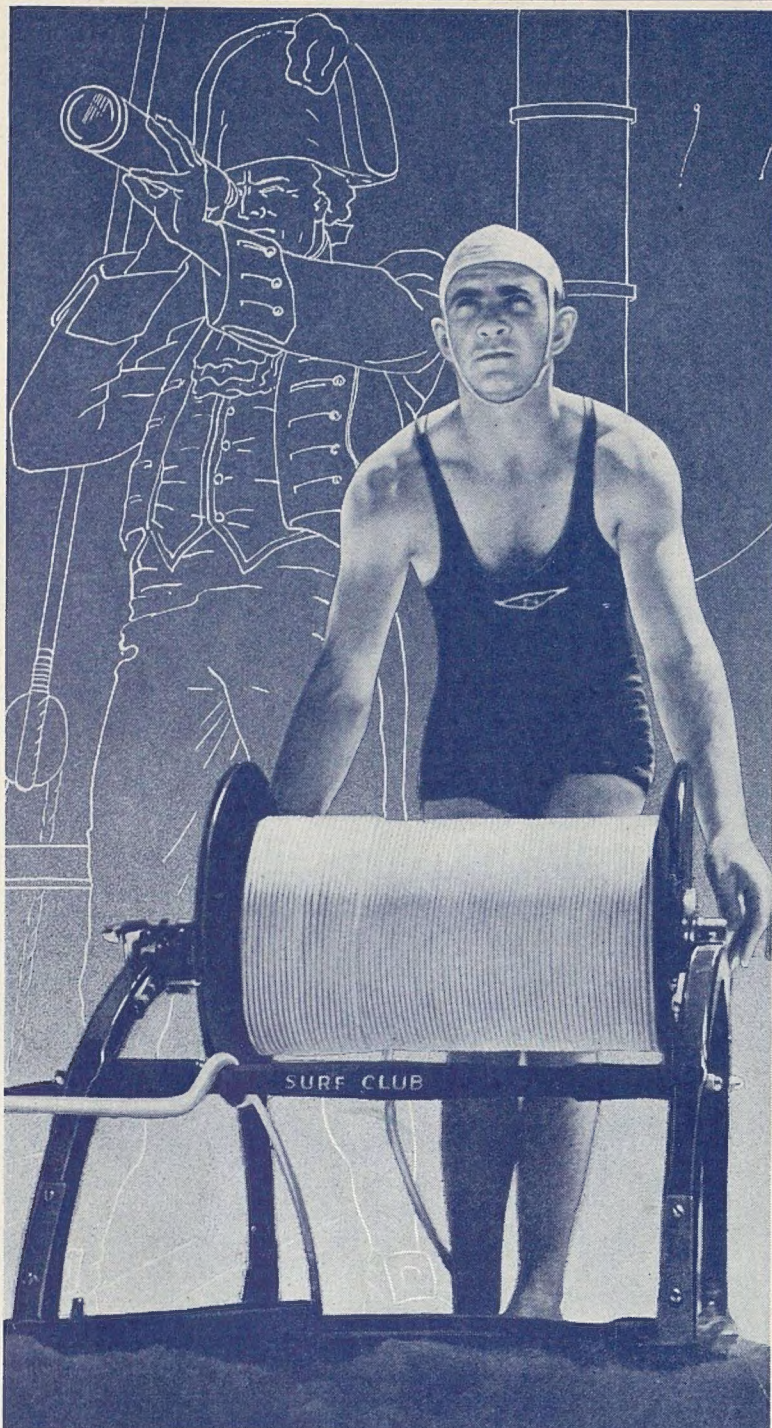
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